THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 13, 1929

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The BYSTANDER

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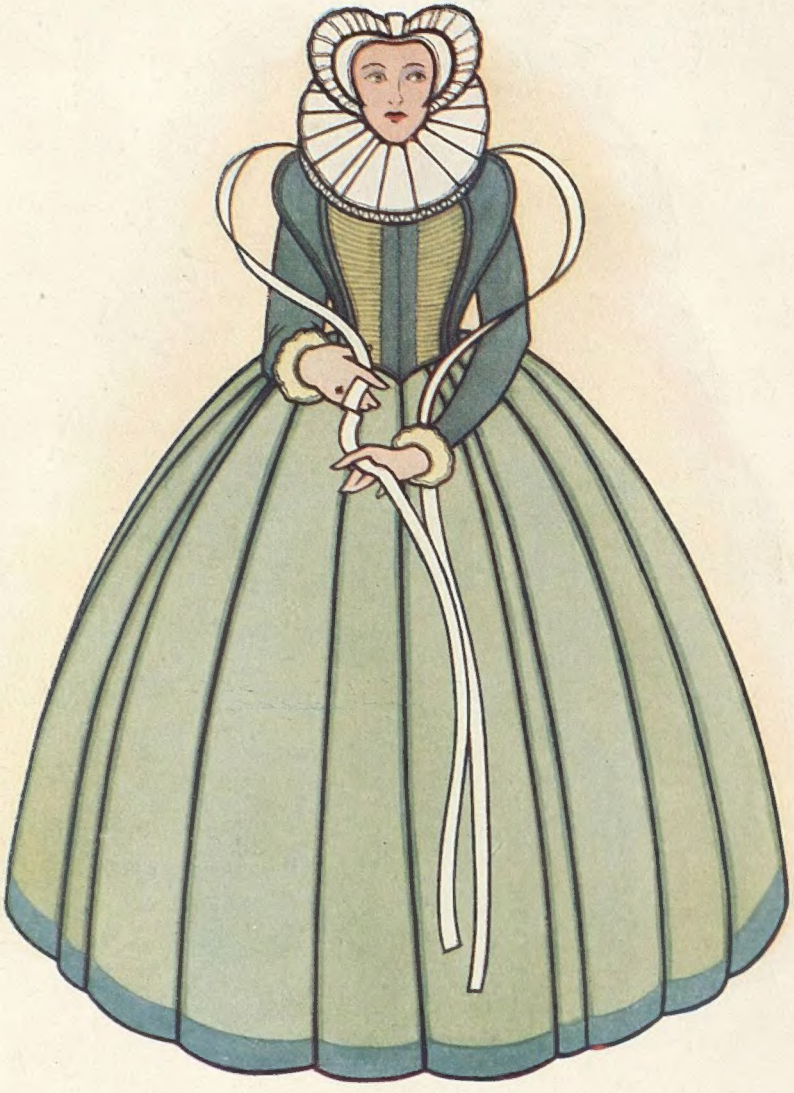
The Bystander, February 13, 1929 No. 1313 Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALBERT BAILEY

When My Lady of the Snows up the rugged hillside goes
The Wearin' of the Green's the song I love best as we push along



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D. B. Wyndham Lewis

writes on

GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY

No. 4. Catherine the Great

Perpetrations by NORMAN KAY

On a snowy February day in 1790 a vigorous, opulent, handsome woman of commanding presence stood at one of the tall windows of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, looking out over the rushing Neva. In the palace square was gathered a crowd of some 950,000 *moujiks* and *isvostchiks* (blue-eyed cabmen) cheering hoarsely. At length Catherine the Great—for she it was—roused herself from her meditations, and taking up a pair of gold field-glasses lazily scanned the surging mob. She laid down the glasses and rapped with her fan on a table of malachite. A Court official appeared, bowing low.

"There is a person in the crowd with a straw-coloured, waxed moustache and deep-set grey eyes, betokening a sensitive, shy, thoughtful nature," said Catherine brusquely.

"Yes, *Barushka* ('Little Mother,' or 'Auntie')."

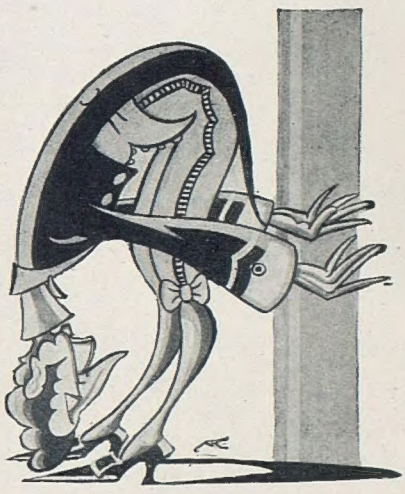
"Bring him here."

Five minutes later the unknown stood in the Empress's presence. She scanned him thoughtfully, then, taking up her field-glasses, surveyed him again through the large end, in silence. Finally the Ruler of All the Russias, known throughout Europe as "La Belle Stewart," or "The Girl Who Did," spoke curtly.

"Your name?"

"Alexis Zogitoff, *Barushka.*"

"Your regiment—but wait!" Holding up an imperious hand the Empress, frowning, began to pace to and fro with one finger in her corsage. She had caught the trick from Napoleon. When the unknown Zogitoff told her his regiment she was going to tweak his ear and make him a Field-Marshal. This, again, was a habit she had caught from the Little Corporal. And why not?



"A Court official appeared, bowing low"

"*Tiens,*" said Catherine at length, going up to Zogitoff, who stood stiffly at attention, "*voici un de mes vieux grognards, hein?*" So saying she gave Zogitoff's left ear a sharp tweak, and it came off in her hand.

"A thousand devils!" said Catherine, stamping with vexation. She tossed the ear to a footman, snapping: "My register." A chamberlain ran up instantly with a crimson morocco-bound folio bearing the Imperial cipher in rubies and diamonds and chrysoprases.

"Zabworth," muttered the Empress, flicking over the leaves, "Zachinson, Zigworthy, Zmith . . ."

She flung the volume down and turned on Zogitoff.

"How comes it," she said sharply, "that you are not one of my lovers?"

Zogitoff flushed red and shuffled his feet.

"She gave Zogitoff's left ear a sharp tweak, and it came off in her hand"

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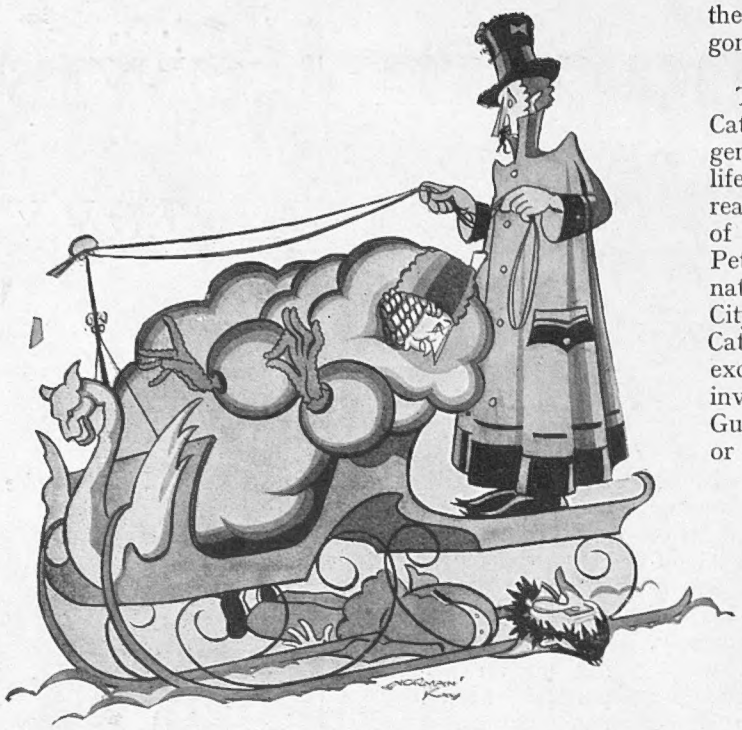


"Cold, yes, but seasonable, don't you think, for the time of year?"

"Pardon, *Barushka,*" he stammered. "I . . . Well . . . Nobody . . . The fact is . . ."

He seemed genuinely at a loss.

The Empress turned to an equerry.

"My sleigh, at once."

Within the hour this masterful woman was being whirled over the snow to Tsarskoë-Selo, leaving Zogitoff looking pretty silly, what with having only one ear and not being "up in" Court life. The truth is that he was an Englishman named Hicks, a spy in the pay of Pitt. As the Imperial Chamberlains passed him softly they smiled and hissed:

"Siberia!"

"*Beria,*" said Mr. Hicks (as we must now style him) obediently, not knowing why he should be asked to say that, but chancing it. Next day he was removed to the frontier and thrown across, and on getting back to London he had to face a heated interview with Pitt, who was naturally very angry with him.

"As the Imperial Chamberlains passed him softly they smiled and hissed, 'Siberia!'"

"Oh, you silly," said Pitt, better known in those days as "The Boy Firebrand." "Oh, you —oh, you *silly.*"

"Yes, and what about my ear?" said Mr. Hicks, very surly, for he was genuinely fond of his ear, which was named "Rover"—"Rover Hicks."

"Ear to-day," murmured Pitt, with the quick wit for which he was noted, "and gone to-morrow, hey, damme?"

. . . . . .

The above incident shows what sort of a girl Catherine the Great of Russia was: impulsive, generous, fiery, determined to "live her own life," to "express herself" and her own "plus reactions." She was born in 1729, the daughter of the Duke of Anhalt-Zerbst, and married Peter III of Russia, who was afterwards assassinated, to the regret of his many friends in the City. Referring to recent assassinations Catherine would say, "Oh, terrible, *terrible,* except Peter." Soon afterwards she became involved in a love affair with the Preobrajensky Guards, and became known as "Little Mother," or "The Turkish Patrol." The "Memoirs" of the Prince de Ligne record her many examples of her goodness of heart and real sympathy with the under-dog. To peasants who approached her she was charm itself, freely talking with them.

"Little Mother," muttered an old grey-haired *moujik* over whom her sleigh had accidentally run one day. "Little Mother, it is cold!"

"Cold, yes," answered Catherine, smiling. "But seasonable, don't you think, for the time of year?"

"It is very cold, Little Mother," repeated the old *moujik* dully. "Oh, my God! Sad is the Steppe! My wife has the old round face of a frozen pig! Little Mother, what of Russia?"

"What *you* must do, Uncle Vanya," said the Empress benevolently, leaning forward, "is to run home *at once* and wrap up *warmly.* Tell one of your servants to mull a quart of Imperial Tokay, and take it *hot,* in bed. No champagne, mind! Got that? Splendid! Remember me," she added, as her six-horse sleigh darted onwards, "to your people."

"Turned out to be a traveller in fancy goods"

She died in 1796. One of her last acts was to call wildly for a Mr. Hutchinson, or Hitchcock, which created a pretty bad impression diplomatically. He was sent for, however, and turned out to be a traveller in fancy goods, of Manchester. "It shows," comments the Prince de Ligne, "how small the world is." And Talleyrand, in his "Leaves from a Quiet Life," adds rather cynically, "*Ce type Houtschinson, ou Hicqvort—l'on ne sait jamais, jamais!*"

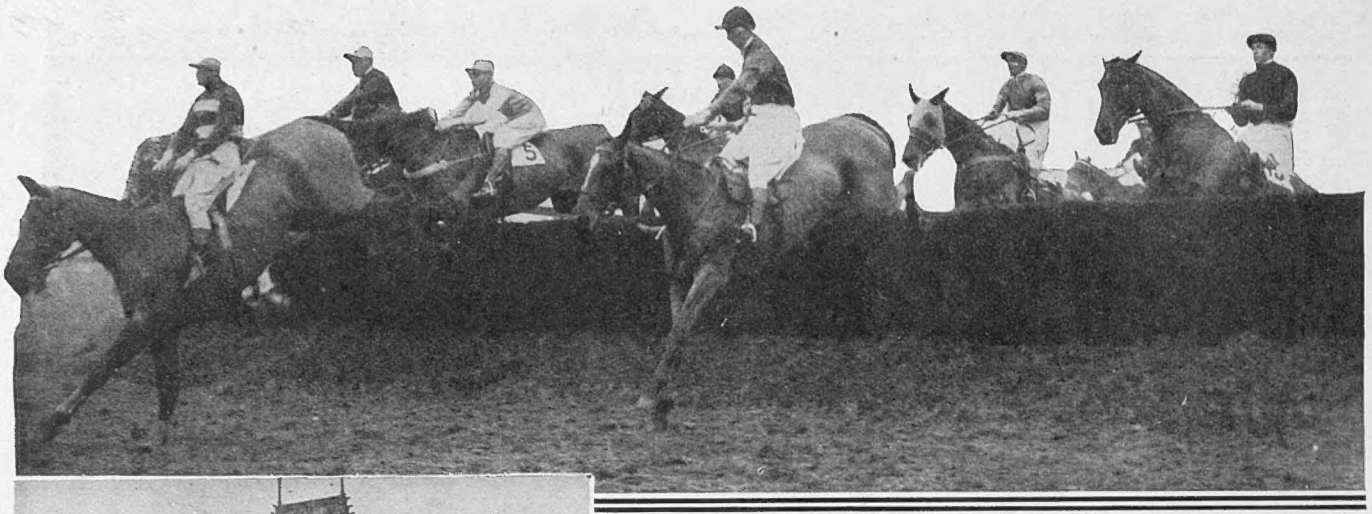
D. B. W. L.

NEXT WEEK: THE DOLLY SISTERS

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for Mr. Wyndham Lewis's strict adherence to programme, but it is reasonably certain that there will be some Girl Who Has Made History next week.

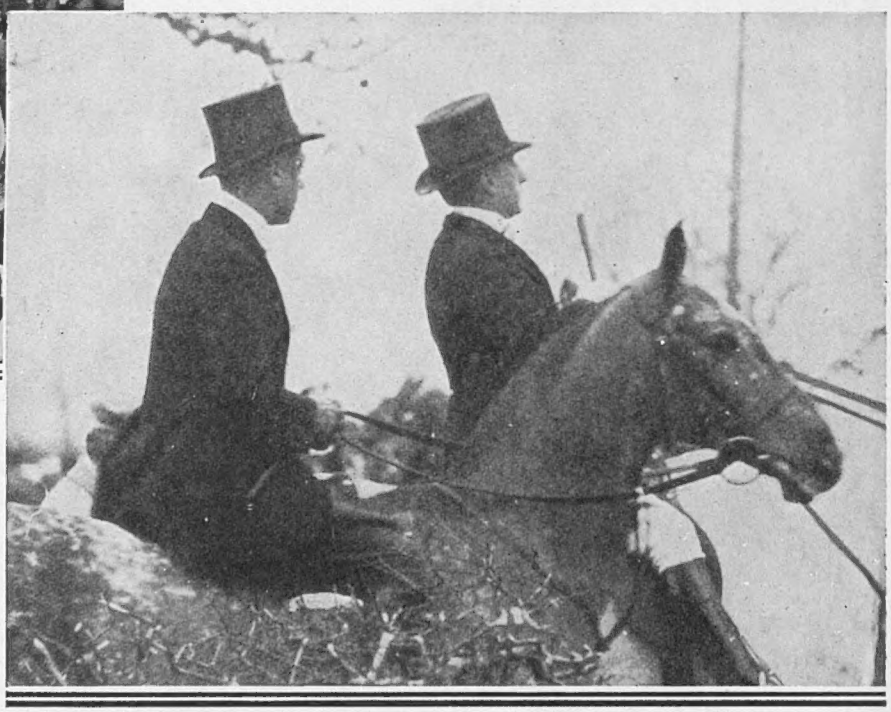
BY DE ROBEC

"An excellent evening—a really delightful entertainment"
"My dear sir, you are mistaken. I am not the host!"



A forerunner of the Grand National. The Stewards' Handicap Steeplechase at the recent Gatwick meeting. Leading the field are, left, Merrivale II, who finished second, and right, Uncle Ben, the winner

The Hursley Hounds meet in the centre of ancient Winchester. They are seen here outside the Town Hall, the meet being held by invitation of the Mayor of Winchester



The Prince of Wales at the Hunt Ball meet of the Cottesmore at Wildes Lodge. H.R.H. is seen up on a spirited flea-bitten grey

who when

Rumours and Royal Engagements

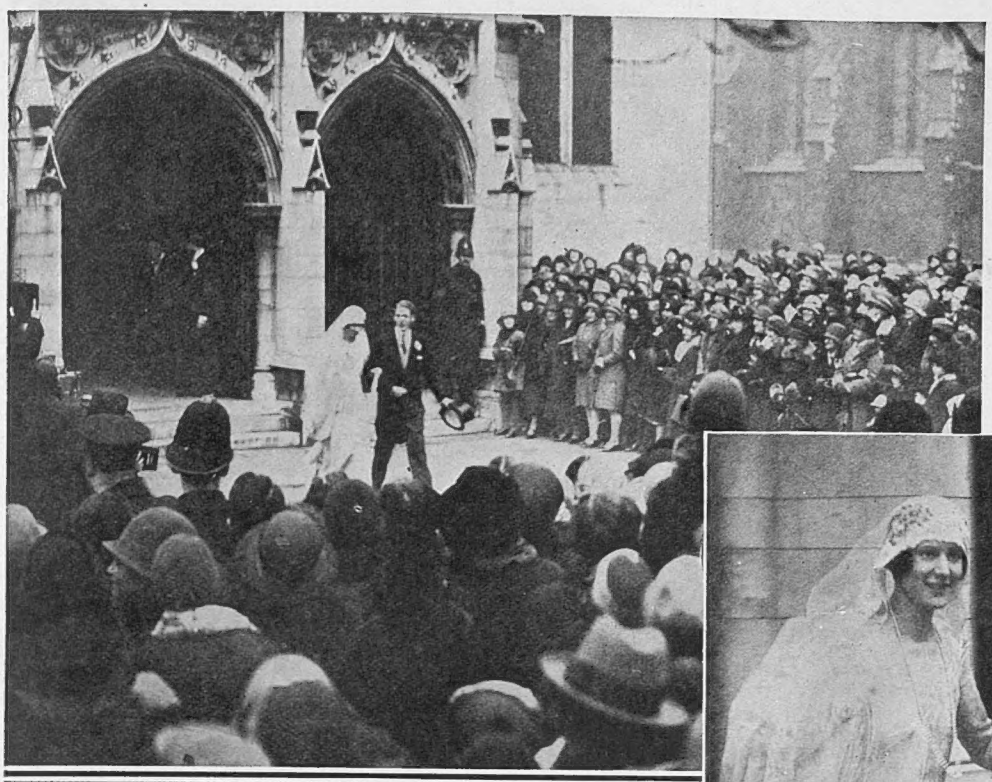
THE newspaper makers of Royal marriages are indefatigable. They are never beaten. Phœnix-like, they rise to further heights from the ashes of their wrong information—or shall we call it their hasty conclusions?

It is not so long ago that certain newspapers, with all the air of authority, announced the impending engagement of the Duke of Gloucester to Lady Mary Scott, the fourth daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch. The lady married Lord Burghley, which "Shewed the rogues they lied."

Now, quite unperturbed by this proof of wrong deduction, newspapers have decided upon the engagement of the Duke to Lady Angela Scott, Lady Burghley's younger sister, and announced the possibility in large headlines.

Leaping to Conclusions

THIS newspaper coupling of Royal names matrimonially, to my



THE BOWES-LYON—SPENDER-CLAY WEDDING

On the left the bride and bridegroom leaving St. Margaret's after the ceremony

The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Duchess of York's youngest brother, with his bride, formerly Miss Rachel Spender-Clay, after their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster. This was the biggest Society wedding since the Burghley—Scott marriage, and presents were received from the Royal Family

& where

Lady Annaly seen at the meet of the Cottesmore at Wildes Lodge, near Melton Mowbray

mind, is both cruel and unfair, because it makes the situation difficult for the Royal person and the other person with which the Royal name has been linked. And how difficult only those who have been subjected to this gratuitous and ill-judged publicity can tell. I don't know what you think about it, but to me it is un-English virtually to pillory a young girl and make her the subject of conjecture and gossip—and all this on a mere supposition.

Naturally, the possible marriages of the King's three unmarried sons excite interest and speculation amongst the lieges, the bonds between the Throne and the people being so close. But that gives nobody—newspapers or private individuals—the right to leap to conclusions. And on what slender grounds these newspaper conclusions are leapt at! I will give you two instances.

Tennis—and Talk

ONE year at Cowes a son of the King played tennis three afternoons during the Week at one of the most hospitable houses in that delightful place. The players drew for partners, and each day, by an odd chance, the Royal Prince drew the daughter of the house.

At the end of the Week a tournament was arranged, the first players being decided on the points gained in partnership. Again the Royal Prince and the daughter of the house were partners. And, if you please, out of this simple, everyday happening, newspapers bruited abroad a possible engagement and the likelihood of the lady becoming a Royal Highness.

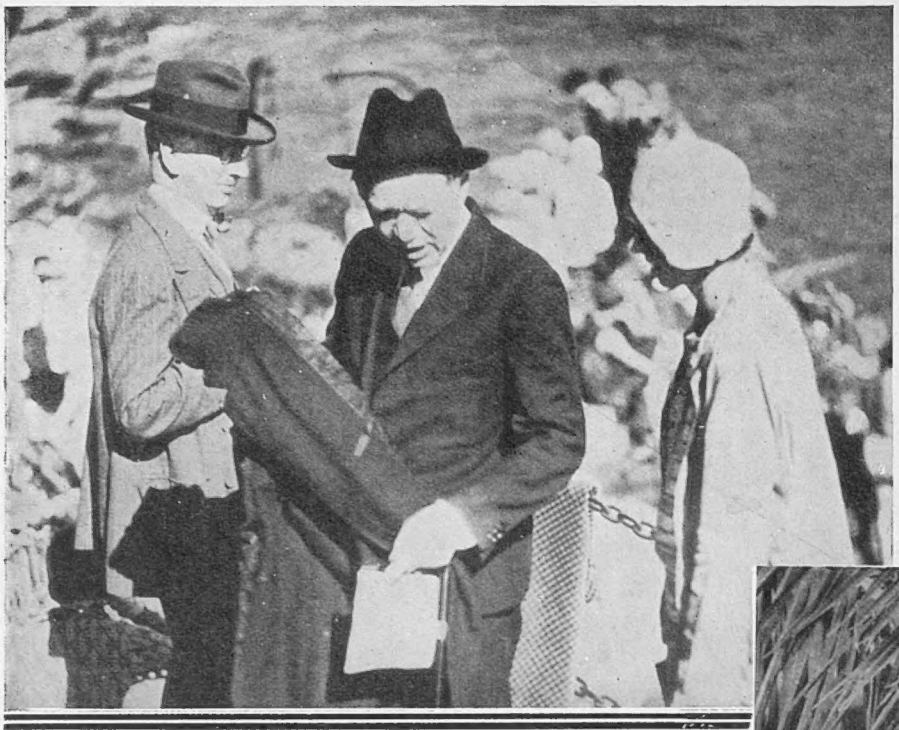
There never was the remotest idea of such a possibility. And that lady also married recently.

How these Rumours are Born

SPEAKING of these rumours and gossip about Royal engagements, perhaps you will remember that a morning newspaper came out with prodigious headlines and the announcement of the engagement of Princess Mary to the eldest son of a Duke a year or so before her engagement to Lord Lascelles.

The inner history of that announcement is amusing and shows the channels through which this kind of news can be conveyed to the public, and, I am afraid, very often is so conveyed.

WHAT THE BUTLER OVERHEARD



Another Margate in Madeira—Madeira may claim a large proportion of politicians and newspaper magnates as visitors this year. Above is seen Lord Beaverbrook turning up to watch the bathing from the Mappin Rocks

There was a small luncheon party at which two people of the Court were present. The conversation turned upon the possible marriages of the Royal Princes and Princess Mary with the daughters and the son of a peer, because of the King's abrogation of the Guelphic rule under the Royal Marriages Act that Princes and Princesses of the reigning house must wed with Royalty.

A Chiel Among Them . . .

You know how people discuss these things across a luncheon table. One of the Court people, merely expressing a personal opinion amongst friends, said what a popular union it would be both in England and Scotland if Princess Mary married the eldest son of a certain Duke. That was all. It was just an expression of personal opinion; absolutely nothing more.

But there was one who listened as he served—the butler.

What Happened

The next morning a London newspaper came out with huge headings announcing the engagement of Princess Mary to the Duke's son. And how do you think that happened?

The butler was in the pay of a backstairs journalist—unfortunately they do exist. Hearing only part of the conversation during his waiting, the man took the expression of opinion coming from a member of the Court as a statement of fact—and sold it as such.

The backstairs journalist sold the information to the morning paper, which relied entirely upon his credibility and accurate sources of information. So convinced was the paper of the truth of this information that, lest any word should creep out and so spoil their "stunt," beds were provided for the compositors who had set up the article and all those in the office who had had anything to do with it. For a whole night they were all shut away from the world, just like a jury.

Of course, the next morning the newspaper got its sensation. The immediate *démenti* from the Court, however, can scarcely have been pleasant. But it just shows you what can happen when you rely on what butlers hear about possible Royal engagements when waiting at table.

A Very Great Lady

The death of Georgina Countess of Dudley places Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park, at the disposal of the King. It was granted to Lady Dudley for her lifetime by King Edward.

Whether it is that there are more beautiful women in the world to-day, or that women have all become standardised to pattern, but certainly beauty, even great beauty, such as Lady Dudley's, does not create the sensation it did in the 60's, 70's, and 80's of the last century, when she was considered the most beautiful woman in England.

Her position was singular in the extreme. Married at seventeen to the

Lady Diana Duff Cooper seen in the beautiful tropical garden of the New Colonial at Nassau, where she is staying during the winter months

DECLINING A DECORATION

first Earl of Dudley, who was then forty-eight, for fourteen years she was only a superb figurehead in her husband's houses. It was said that she was not even permitted to order dinner.

Lord Dudley adored her and revelled in her beauty. He showered gorgeous jewels upon her; she had *carte blanche* for her dresses—he insisted that she should always be in full dress in the evening, even in a remote Scottish shooting lodge. She had everything in the world except responsibility. At Dudley House, in Park Lane, and at Witley Court, entertainment was on a princely scale, but Lady Dudley had nothing to do with the arrangements. All that was expected of her was to wear her most gorgeous clothes and jewels and just be her exquisitely beautiful self.

The Change

Two years after the birth of their seventh child Lord Dudley had a stroke which condemned him to invalidism for the rest of his life. To the amazement of her world Lady Dudley quietly took her husband's place in the management of his big estates and his houses, and until his death six years later was his devoted nurse and person of affairs. She never left him except to attend to his business.

She became a widow in the zenith of her beauty. No woman, I suppose, ever received more offers of marriage. But she refused them all, devoting herself entirely to her children. This devotion to duty manifested itself during the War. Nobody, except those connected with her work, knew that during four years Lady Dudley came to London every day from Pembroke Lodge and worked in a small office for nine hours on end directing the Red Cross work for invalided and convalescent officers.

The King personally asked Lady Dudley to accept a decoration, but this she begged leave to decline.

Death Duties

It is estimated that the Earl of Durham's death so soon after his brother will bring a charge of about a million sterling in death duties upon the estate. Something like three-quarters of a million became due on the first death. The present Lord Durham will escape with a further quarter of a million owing to the two deaths having occurred within a year.

The late Lord Durham had disposed of his brother's racing stable and had put up Exning House at Newmarket for sale. It was also announced that Lambton Castle, the family seat, would be closed. Now I see that the Durham Town house in Grosvenor Square is up for sale, and so is the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme's close by. The Durham Town house has been shared by Viscount and Viscountess Cecil of Chelwood, Lady Cecil being the late Lord Durham's youngest sister.

The Queen and the King's sun baths. Her Majesty the Queen seen a short time ago inspecting luminous ray apparatus in the Sunlight Ward at Queen Mary's Hospital. This is of special interest as His Majesty is now to be given luminous ray treatment

Miss Betty Geen, who is engaged to be married to Mr. H. C. C. Laird, the famous Harlequin and England Rugby half-back. Miss Geen herself is a keen sportswoman, golf being her particular choice

OVERHEARD at the THESPIAN CLUB

By JAMES CHALLONER *Sketches by KAY*

Characters: SIR KEMBLE MURGATROYD *(the famous actor)*, MR. F. O. R. ENSIC, K.C.

ENSIC: Hullo, Murgatroyd.

MURGATROYD: Ah, my dear fellow, isn't it disgraceful?

ENSIC: Something's annoyed you? A criticism . . . ?

MURGATROYD *(loftily):* Criticisms are beneath contempt. It's something vital.

ENSIC *(curiously):* Really?

MURGATROYD: Just before you came in I was saying to my friend, Sir Hugo Boom, that I don't know what this club's coming to!

ENSIC *(with a chuckle):* Not *worth* coming to, eh?

The Duke of Belvoir

MURGATROYD: Hardly, nowadays. It's getting so damnably mixed.

ENSIC: And the mixture isn't as before?

MURGATROYD: Far from it. I for one won't take it lying down.

ENSIC: You're right. A deucidly uncomfortable position in which to take any mixture!

MURGATROYD: This isn't a joking matter. My old friend, Lumley—Lord Lumley, you know—says the committee are to blame. They'll let in any outsider.

ENSIC: Who, *ipso facto*, then becomes a regular *insider*?

MURGATROYD: Quite so. Has the run of the entire club. Isn't kept in his place in the visitors' rooms. Will rub shoulders with US!

ENSIC *(with an assumed shudder):* Horrible!

MURGATROYD *(confidentially):* I hate to have to say it, but some of my profession are a nasty lot nowadays; oh, a very nasty lot. No tone about 'em. No dignity.

ENSIC: Still this *is* a theatrical club.

MURGATROYD *(protestingly):* No, no, my dear fellow, it's a club for *gentlemen*, some of whom may be connected with the theatrical profession.

ENSIC: Acting alone is not a qualification, you mean?

MURGATROYD *(triumphantly):* Of course not! Otherwise, how could dear old Peebles, George Jawle, and lots of others ever have been elected? Only last night at dinner Bootles was saying. . . .

ENSIC: Bootles? I don't think I know . . . ?

MURGATROYD *(surprised):* You don't know the Duke?

ENSIC: Which Duke? Manchester?

MURGATROYD *(hurriedly):* No, no, the Duke of Belvoir—we, his intimate friends, always call him Bootles.

ENSIC: I don't think I've met him.

MURGATROYD: Pity! A charming man. One of the old school. Well, he was saying only last night, "Murgatroyd, the stage isn't what it was."

ENSIC: Yes, I heard him.

MURGATROYD: But I thought you didn't know . . . ?

ENSIC: I didn't know to whom you were talking. Didn't he add regretfully that chorus girls nowadays looked a scraggy lot and that when *he* was young. . . .

MURGATROYD *(embarrassed):* I fear that in his youth the dear Duke. . . .

ENSIC *(laughingly):* If not his brother's, was assuredly someone else's keeper?

MURGATROYD *(shocked):* Please remember his rank.

ENSIC *(airily):* Oh, he's no more offensive than some others of the old satyrs.

MURGATROYD *(still more shocked):* Offensive! A Duke!

ENSIC *(surprised):* Didn't you say "remember he's rank?"

MURGATROYD *(absolutely horrified):* No, no! I said "remember *his* rank." How *could* you make such a terrible mistake?

ENSIC: Sorry! But what's upset you particularly?

MURGATROYD *(under his breath):* Have you seen the list of candidates on the board up for election? Tummles's name is on it!

ENSIC: Well, he's a good actor and a good fellow. I remember when we were on circuit. . . .

MURGATROYD *(triumphantly):* There you are! You saw him when you were on circuit! He acts out of London! *He's toured the provinces!* He's not WEST END!! And he's dared to put up for election at this club!!!

"A deucidly uncomfortable position in which to take any mixture"

ENSIC: But when I'm on circuit *I* tour the provinces!

MURGATROYD *(uneasily):* Ha, ha! You will have your little joke! *(hurriedly)* Excuse me, but there's a member of the committee over there, I must have a word. . . .

SIR KEMBLE MURGATROYD *hurriedly departs, and* MR. F. O. R. ENSIC *is left to cogitate on whether things were very different when Thackeray wrote his famous study*

"Isn't kept in his place in the visitors' rooms"

Photograph Lenare

THE Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton is one of the most popular members of Society to-day. Her husband, the Hon. Wilfred Egerton, has been in the Royal Flying Corps and the First Dragoons, and is the youngest brother of the Earl of Ellesmere

Barrie Oliver, one of the cleverest ballroom dancers on the stage, with some of the girls who are appearing with him in Charlot's Revuette. This precedes the British International picture, "Piccadilly," at the Carlton Theatre

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"For you, my love, I pine and pine, Oh, will you be my Valentine?"

"What nonsense are you burbling?"

"Why, to-morrow's St. Valentine's Day and I love the dear old customs."

"That's because they've never caught you smuggling silk undies back from Paris."

"Don't be so sordid—why, I've sent out lots of Valentines this year."

"Have you sent any to the Party leaders?"

"Oh, no. I shall be making my votive offering in a few months' time."

"The Liberal leader's been having a rough time on his yacht lately."

"Which leader do you mean, Ritz? You have a feminine genius for being vague."

"The official one, Lloyd George. Not often *he* finds himself out of his depth."

"Still, I don't suppose it worried him much. He's used to rough passages."

"By the way—are you going in for the Libs' Slogan Competition?"

"Rather—I think I've as good as won it."

"You are not a primrose born to blush unseen, are you?"

"Don't mention primrose in Lib. circles. Say violet."

"Well, let's have it?"

"My entry was 'Morituri te salutamus.' How's that?"

"Pretty thin. For Heaven's sake let's change the subject."

"Right—we'll discuss chorus girls. *They* aren't allowed to be thin, by order of C. B. Cochran."

"The lean ones must be fed up nowadays."

"So are the plump ones—with special lunches."

"Talking of the stage, I *was* relieved when I saw the cable June's mother sent to her daughter."

"You've said it. Most reassuring to learn she wasn't really angry with June for becoming engaged to Lord Inverclyde."

"Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester got married soon after their engagement was announced."

"Still, not unexpected for 'The Man with Red Hair' to marry the girl with red hair, was it?"

"We are not to see the earl with the good voice on the music-hall stage, I hear."

"No, he was certainly not disposed to love serving a vaudeville syndicate near Oxford Circus."

"Or was it Shaftesbury Avenue, Carlton?"

"Those sort of puns get my goat."

"Miss Ellen Wilkinson got a goat without punning."

"Yes, it must have been a bit of a shock to find that dead one in the box somebody sent her."

"Meant to be passed on to the Prime Minister, wasn't it?"

"Well, I don't suppose the P.M. would appreciate that sort of kidding."

"Pull yourself together and try to be intelligent."

"Certainly. Are you going to the exhibition of pictures D. H. Lawrence is going to hold on his return?"

"Oh, yes, I shall go, but I doubt if Jix will."

"Well, I can't stop chattering with you. I've an appointment with my broker."

"Like to like, Ritz."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'll bet you'll be a deal broker after you've done a deal with a broker.

To "Bystander" Readers

During the next few weeks we shall be publishing among our fiction stories by the following famous writers of the day :—

MICHAEL ARLEN—
The author of "The Green Hat," "Lily Christine," etc.

DOROTHY BUCK
PHYLLIS BOTTOME
STELLA BENSON
DOROTHY EDWARDS
GEORGE FROXFIELD
MAGDALEN KING-HALL
ETHEL MANNIN
HOLT MARVELL
NAOMI MITCHISON
ELINOR MORDAUNT
H. A. MANHOOD
SEWELL STOKES

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Do you think there is anything between them?"
"Only about fifteen years!"

HEROICS AT HIS MAJESTY'S

By James Challoner

SKETCHES BY H. H. HARRIS

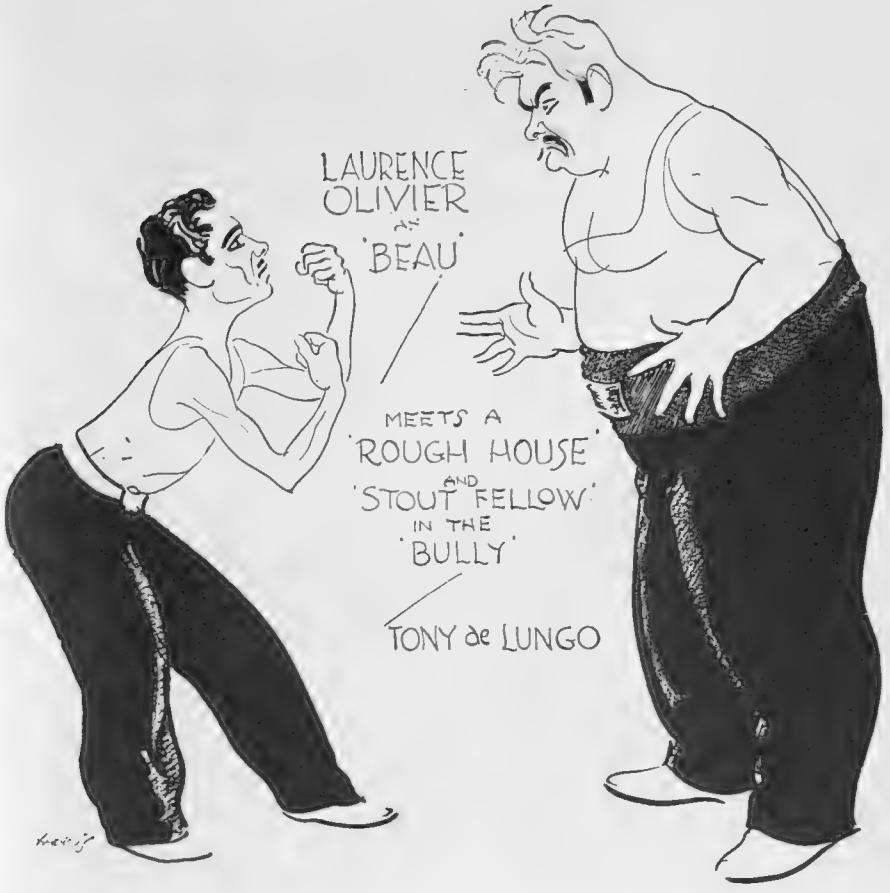
AN attempt has been made to revive the old-fashioned melodrama by the production of *Beau Geste* at His Majesty's. Basil Dean has produced it, and I think he has done his work well, but unfortunately this adapted novel of P. C. Wren's has already been seen as a film, and, although comparisons are odious, those who have seen both would plump for the pictures every time.

BUT though I am willing enough to throw bouquets at Dean the producer, yet at Dean the adapter of the novel I feel more inclined to hurl brickbats, and one or two should be reserved for Charlton Mann, his collaborator—not to mention P. C. Wren, the author of the book, if that is anything like the play!

FOR this modern melodrama is but a poor specimen of its kind as compared with those of earlier days. Whatever the absurdities of the latter may have revealed, they *did* tell a story well. The dramatist never wandered off on side tracks, but stuck religiously to the main roads. At His Majesty's the plot moves like a motor car which is missing on two cylinders, and we constantly have to stop to admire the scenery!

TO start with, much time is wasted in giving an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative by attempting to show why the young hero left home and enlisted in the Foreign Legion, where he finally suffered the fate of a fifth of November guy! If heroism is a synonym for idiocy that first act was worth while, but, to me, it not only failed to explain the hero's conduct, it didn't even excuse it!

I BELIEVE "Beau Geste" as a novel had many admiring readers, and it is quite possible that they will prove sufficient in numbers to give this play—which on the first night was nearly an hour too long—a chance of success. They may enjoy seeing a thief crucified; they may revel in the fighting which comes at the end of the play; they may delight in the humour provided by a couple of comedians who give a touch of pantomime to the whole affair. It is



even possible that they may appreciate the Dean Farrarish public school attitude of the hero and his brothers, who are perpetually calling each other "stout feller" and "faithful hound." One would have thought that the environment of the Foreign Legion might have had some effect on their characters, but to the end the youths remain perfect specimens of heroic little gentlemen! Stout fellers!

IT is a pity that so many of the cast were absolutely wasted. Marie Löhr, for instance, could only show in the first act what could be done by a clever actress with a poor part. Young Laurence Olivier as Beau has a longer one, but it lacked variety, as did that of Edmund Willard as a brutal adjutant. Frank Cochrane came off best, but then he had two parts to play and he made quite a lot of each.

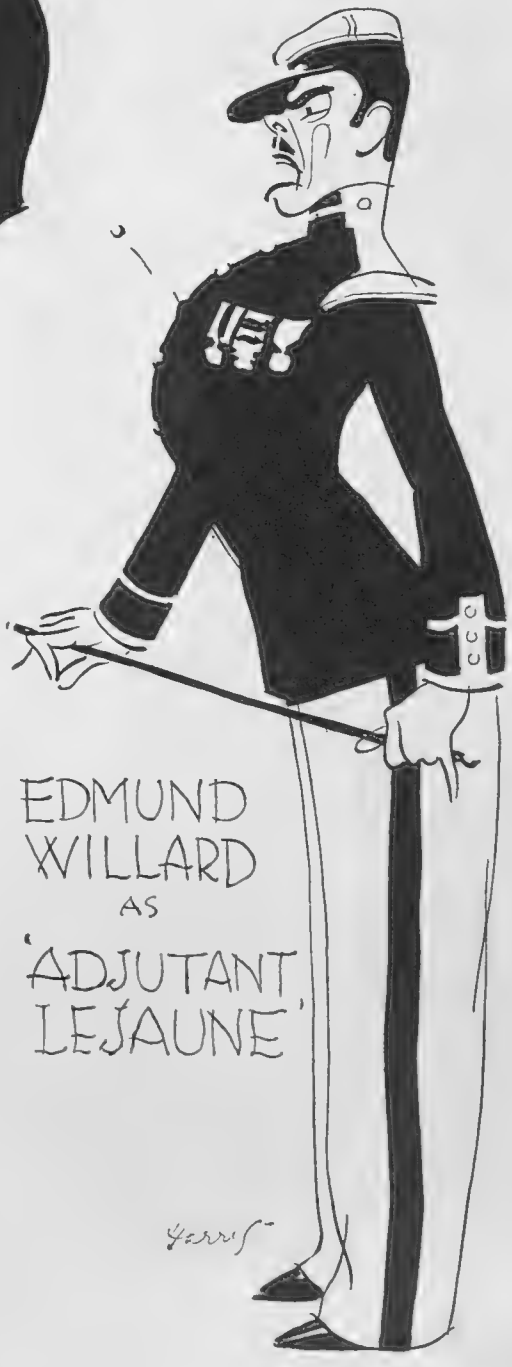
THERE is one thing at least to be said for the theatre, and that is that you do get variety! On the following evening we were given a dose of stark actuality when *Craig's Wife* was produced at the Fortune Theatre. There is nothing heroic about this play, which is a study in unpleasant femininity—and a very fine study too.

THE author, George Kelly, an American, has painted the picture of a hard, sexless woman who married a man because she wanted a home, and it is the home on which she devotes unremitting care and affection. This is no heroine—far from it. As far from being a heroine as is the husband a hero for putting up much too long with her selfish behaviour.

THIS is a first-rate play in which all the author's energies are not sacrificed to the portraiture of one character. I know a Mrs. Craig as most cleverly etched in by Phyllis Neilson Terry, but I also know lots of the others, including Walter Craig's aunt, beautifully played by Margaret Warner, and the near neighbour, a type of foolish, kind-hearted woman, a character to which Violet Farebrother does full justice. In fact, I recognise the truth of all the characters, including the cook-housekeeper, to which May Agate gives every possible point.

MY only complaint is that Mrs. Craig's husband was far too young. Youth is rebellious, and I cannot see a young man like Brian Aherne —cleverly as he plays the part —putting up so long with a wife who alienates from him all his friends, including business ones who might help him on. Soon after their married life had started he would in all probability have told her to go to hell and eloped with the parlour-maid. A more elderly actor would have given the part more credibility. Nevertheless, despite this miscasting, the play is one which is well worth seeing—and hearing, for the dialogue is as natural as can be.

I HAVE also to record an artistic revival. This is Pirandello's *Mock Emperor* at the Queen's Theatre, in which Ernest Milton gives an extraordinarily fine study of madness—real and assumed. Pirandello is always interesting, but although I do not think this is the Italian author's best play—my favourite is *Six Characters in Search of an Author*—yet it is full of thought, which in turn



AT THE PLAY

SOUTH SEAS IN SHAFTESBURY AVENUE

Frank Davis

Miss Rosalinde Fuller as she appears as a very dusky belle in the new play, "Always Afternoon" It opened at the Lyric Theatre last week

Malcolm Keen, who plays the drunken beachcomber in "Always Afternoon." This play represents his first venture into managership

Raphael

Margery Hicklin, who plays Magnolia in "Show Boat." This successful musical play has passed its three hundredth performance at Drury Lane

is a play of the South Seas with an entirely unnecessary first scene in a London suburb in 1910, when the scenery looked as old as the dresses. When we get to the tropics things are little better. Ralph Stock knows the South Seas, but he has nothing new to show us. We have the usual visitors to the Island of Onomo, the usual down-and-out beachcomber—or whatever drunken wasters are called there—and the usual dusky maiden who never by any chance sits on a chair. The only trace of originality which I could discover was that in this play makes you think, and that is the reason why I believe it is not everybody's meat. Many people go to the theatre with the same purpose as the tired American business man, whose demand is "Now make me laugh." To them *Lucky Girl* and *Funny Face*—which are *not* by Pirandello—are more to be recommended.

MALCOLM KEEN'S first venture as an actor-manager is with *Always Afternoon*, by Ralph Stock and C. B. Fernald, at the Lyric. This a son of the beachcomber, coming straight from England, is so overcome by the tropical climate that in twenty-four hours he wishes to renounce civilisation and follow in father's footsteps! And that touch of originality takes a deal of swallowing.

ROSALINDE FULLER has little to do but look seductive as a dusky maiden; Margaret Scudmore as a Lady Townton got unnecessarily drunk with great dignity; George Carr got every ounce out of a store dealer; and Malcolm Keen himself gave a clever rendering of the beachcomber in a part which was greater than the whole. J. C.

BY JACK GREENALL

"Is he a gentleman?"
"I don't know. I've never been in a taxi with him"

Geraldine PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM on BEAULIEU

Grotesqueries at Nice Carnival. Normandy jeunes filles with goggle eyes shuffling through the streets during King Carnival's Grand Parade

King Carnival with his retainers causes merriment d'Azur idea of Bacchus *He is a Côte*

ANOTHER gorgeous pleasure palace opened last week, this time at Beaulieu. Together with five hundred other people, I dined in splendour in veritable marble halls, with a blaze of most spectacular fireworks rising from the sea, and the gurgle of the Mediterranean in our ears because we were dining in a corner, with Anglo-Saxons close at hand, who permitted an open window.

ONE was delighted to see the Duke of Connaught well enough to be there and obviously enjoying himself. He was being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Ward, at whose table were also Sir John and Lady Ward, Lord Queenborough and Major Berkeley Levitt. In fact, everyone on the Riviera seemed to have come to Beaulieu that night to ensure a successful opening of the Casino. Sir Francis and Lady Towle's party included Baron and Baroness H. L. de Morpurgo, and I also saw the indefatigable Mrs. Satterthwaite in a party dining with the Duke of Leeds. Sir Edward and Lady Lucas were there, the former appearing to fulfil admirably the *rôle* of happy bridegroom, a proud gleam in his eye and an enormous bunch of lilies of the valley in his buttonhole. At Sir Harry Samuel's table were Sir Vansittart and Lady Bowater and Lady de Frece. I also caught sight of Sir Pomeroy and Lady Burton, who were with Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst, the clever American playwrights. Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis appeared to be enjoying themselves; while Mrs. Willie James was at Admiral Sir Victor Stanley's table.

AFTER a most excellent repast one wandered round, had a look at the gambling rooms, marvelled at the good taste of the decorations, and reflected a little sadly upon the psychology of the whole affair. Nice now has four casinos; Cannes will very shortly have four or five; St. Maxime and St. Raphael have two each; Monte Carlo has its casino and sporting club. One thinks a little bitterly of Brighton, Bournemouth, Ramsgate, Margate, Scarborough—all doomed to a gloomy round of classical concerts and sombre dancing, without the faintest attempt being made to provide for the people the enjoyments to which they are most certainly entitled.

YOU pass from casino to casino here, and you look into the faces of hundreds and thousands of English people spending their money gaily, amusing themselves reasonably, and thanking their lucky stars that they are able to escape from a country which the Nonconformist conscience, together with muddle-brained politicians and charlatan financiers, has kept from sharing in the prosperity of its toilers. Do we reflect sufficiently upon the fact that nine-tenths of the money which English people spend in pleasure is spent upon this coast; that, apart from all matters of commerce and interchange of moneys, the gold which pours into this country from our own people, if it were allowed to remain in England, would practically wipe out our debt to America and reduce our income-tax to a moderate figure.

"B.P.," General Sir the Duke of Co of

NEW IDEAS in the NICE CARNIVAL

More grotesqueries — large-headed, gaily dressed figures carrying poupées on their heads

A langouste and a bathing nymph accompanied in car by girl chefs—a reminder of a principal industry of Southern France

THE Americans out here laugh at us when we talk of Prohibition. "You English can leave off thinking us a fool nation," an old friend said to me the other day. "We have tried to impose a law against the will of the people, and of course we can't do it and never shall. You try and keep your people from indulging in reasonable recreations, so they all bring their money out here and leave you with the deadliest lot of what you call 'watering places' the world has ever seen. If we're a fool nation, what about you? France is paying her debts out of the gambling tables, which do no harm, and you're paying yours twice over . . ."

R. Baden-Powell, accompanied by naught, inspecting the Boy Scouts Monte Carlo

NOT my business to write or even think of these things, I suppose, but how can one help seeing one's country-people spending their savings happily and joyously here, and not regret that some part of it, at any rate, cannot remain at home?

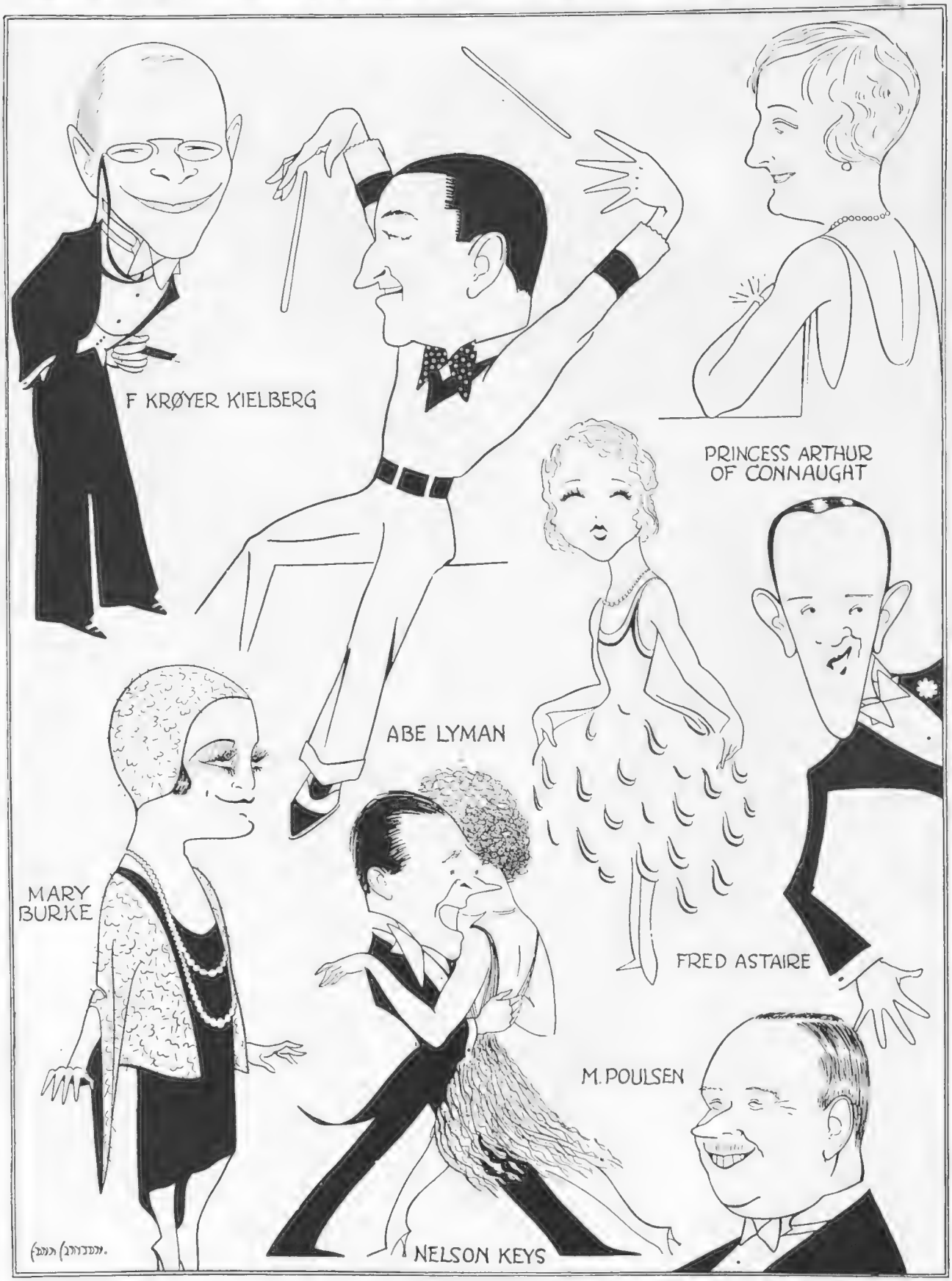
TO return to the Riviera and the light-hearted and happy life we are permitted and encouraged to live here. I lunched at the Réserve at Beaulieu the other day. I am always impressed by this beautiful restaurant overlooking the Mediterranean, its glass dining-room and the excellence of its cooking. Our host and hostess being Sir Edward and Lady Lucas, it is unnecessary to add that the lunch was perfect, our genial host being renowned as a connoisseur of both wines and food. There is one thing I, personally, have against the Réserve: I feel its proprietor must possess a misplaced sense of humour.

CANNES is becoming more and more gay and amusing. There was wonderful *diner fleuri* at the Ambassadeurs on Tuesday, and in the dining-room alone there were 40,000 roses, Jan Brazine doing a most original waltz dance, singing among the tables, gently accompanied by Billy Arnold's famous band; and on Saturday there is to be a Gala Rose, where every woman will be requested to wear a pink dress. Such an opportunity for wives to get a new dress if they can only persuade their husbands of the absolute necessity of their being present!

MENTION of Cannes reminds me that there appears to be some misconception regarding what I wrote about the prices charged at the casino. As I suggested, Cannes is a wonderful place which caters for the wealthy, and those well endowed with this world's goods will not cavil at paying for luxury. Cannes is not a place for the needy, and the authorities do not cater for them.

ALTOGETHER the Riviera, from Cannes to Mentone, is at its brightest and most amusing, and it seems little short of a minor tragedy to have to return to the fogs of London, even if one is going to have the fun of sampling the much-advertised luxury of the new Blue Train.

AN EVENING at the KIT-CAT



BY EDNA CLAYTON

Our artist's impressions of some of the celebrities—theatrical and otherwise—who were to be seen enjoying a jolly evening at the Kit-Cat Restaurant recently, dancing to Abe Lyman's American Orchestra. Mr. F. Kroyer Kielberg recently gave the sum of £25,000 in response to the Prince of Wales's broadcast appeal on behalf of the miners.

if gossip we must

LIMEHOUSE is said to be the coming home of the Bright Young Artistic People who really do see life. Apparently the Eiffel Tower Restaurant is not far East enough, Chelsea is expensive, St. John's Wood is too redolent of the artists of the Victorian era, who were *vieux jeu* enough to have learned how to paint, and Bloomsbury is too literary.

Thomas Burke (the scribe, not the singer) is prominently responsible; the prenuptial dinner of Miss Meraud Guinness (Señora Guevara), the Queen Cophetua of that ubiquitous tribe, added to the general urge. So people are to paint, and are already painting, among the law-abiding and not very thrilling Chinese of the neighbourhood, and are feeling mighty original and dashing about it.

Miss Lesley Dudley, the young coloratura soprano whose voice is so well known to wireless enthusiasts. She took the principal part in Sir George Henschel's operetta "A Sea Change," which was broadcast last week

I DO not deny that there is no reason why they shouldn't paint as well or as badly in Pennyfields as anywhere else. But Limehouse in reality has no glamour whatever about it, and the East India Dock Road is as dull as the Cromwell Road without being nearly as clean.

A lot of well-known people take it into their heads to spend an evening occasionally at Charlie Brown's pub in Limehouse. Mr. Brown is an amiable person, with a collection of curios and a character as irreproachable, no doubt, as I know his whisky to be. But I have been more bored in his well-conducted hostelry than I should have thought it possible to be—North, South, East or West.

On the whole, West is preferable.

THE author of "The Idylls of the King" is not, it seems, the only Lord Tennyson with the poetic *afflatus*. The present peer, the good-looking and hefty Lionel Tennyson, of cricket fame, slipped into verse the other day with an ode on the Test Match, bringing it to a close, after a few mighty swipes to the long field, in a style that scored heavily. It came to the notice, I believe, of the editor of a daily paper, who offered £30 for it. The reply was that the illustrious grandfather would turn in his grave if the editor did not spring to £50 for the deathless epic.

But it is quite possible that he was turning already.

Alice Delysia and Paul Cavanagh in a scene from "Her Past" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Delysia gives in this play ample proof that her art is by no means limited to revue and musical comedy

THE London Coliseum has of late been emulating its Roman forerunner with gladiatorial contests by wild Northern tribes and animals racing round the stage.

But not for a long time has Sir Oswald shown us the fauna of the jungle, and the only lion of the London drama is Leon M.

There once, however, were four-legged lions in St. Martin's Lane, and on a memorable Monday morning one of them escaped. Dreadful panic ensued among the theatre staff, and there was a stampede for guns, red-hot pokers, and revolvers. Meanwhile, one of the King of Beasts padded its way along a corridor and stood, breathing heavily, at the open door of a dressing-room in which a charwoman was busy on hands and knees.

Did she plunge into hysterics of terror? She did not. *Still going on with her cleaning,* she turned her head round and remarked, "I do wish as 'ow you'd take them there things away—you know I 'ates the sight of 'em!"

THE unfortunate Mr. Brandreth, of Ner-Sag fame, has dashed to the ground all my ideals of the sartorial impeccability of City men. The description of him issued by the police included among its chief points that he habitually wore waxed moustaches, a rubber collar, a cloth cap, and diamond rings. The Beau Brummells, of Throgmorton Avenue, and the Cannon Street Hotel must be sorely perplexed over their midday coffee and dominoes.

A recent photograph of that popular actress, Miss Peggy O'Neil. She is to be leading lady in the new musical play "Merry Merry."

I DOUBT whether London will see much more of "Kim" Manchester. He is not the most financially fortunate of our dukes, and is likely, I hear, to take up permanent residence in America. "Kim" was always a good-hearted person when he had any money to be good-hearted with, and his lease of 12, Berkeley Square, the result of a lucky shipping deal, was an adventurous one. And the number of revue folk who used to angle for, and obtain, week-end invitations so that they could write to their friends from Kimbolton Castle was astounding. But "Kim," so far as this country is concerned, will be henceforth as obscure as the most obscure of all dukes, His Grace of St. Albans.

THE LIGHTNING-CONDUCTOR AND THE POET

KIMBOLTON CASTLE is now inhabited by an uncle, Lord Charles Montagu, who will probably remain there for the rest of his life. Lord Mandeville, "Kim's" son and heir, lives near by, and has spent quite a lot of money on the place that will one day be his. For, by the workings of the family affairs, "Mandy" is a good deal wealthier than his father is, this being partly a dispensation of the rich Zimmermann family, to which his mother belongs. He is a nice boy and was in the Navy.

Dorothy Gish, the film star, and Tom Douglas as they appear in "Young Love" at the Masque Theatre in New York. They will both be seen in this play, which is a big success in the States, when it comes to London in April

JUST a final word about that one-time famous personage "La Goulue," of whose death the papers were very full. She was nothing much of a dancer or a beauty even in her heyday, when she obtained her nickname for a reason which I am certainly not going to explain in these chaste columns.

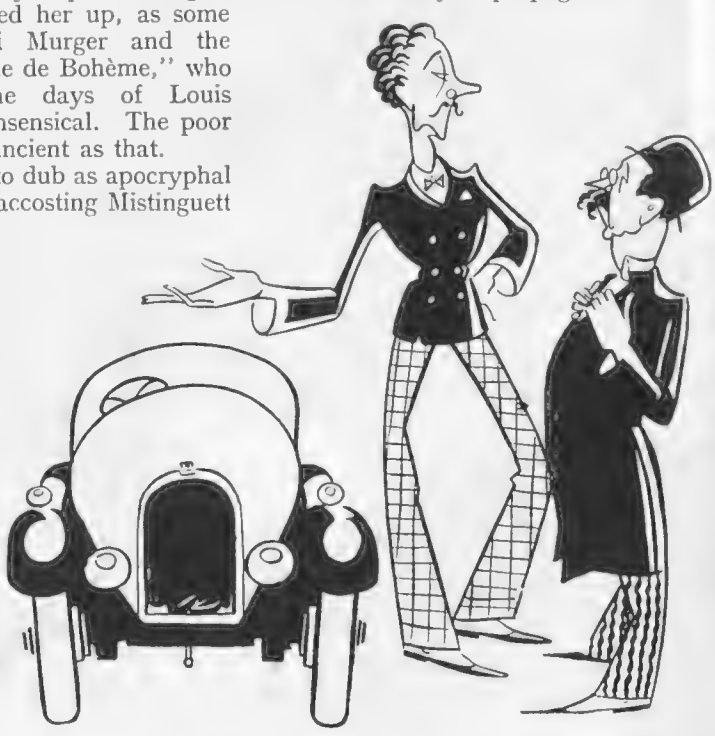
When I knew her—and I did know her—she was a very unpleasant sight. But to have mixed her up, as some did, with Henri Murger and the figures of "La Vie de Bohème," who flourished in the days of Louis Philippe, was nonsensical. The poor soul was not as ancient as that.

And I venture to dub as apocryphal that story of her accosting Mistinguett at the Moulin Rouge a few weeks ago, and begging "dear, beautiful young lady" to give her some money. For one thing, between the ages of "Mis" and "La Goulue" there was precious little to choose. The former happens to have kept her figure—and her money.

FOR logic and conciseness I have pleasure in occasionally "handing it" to our American cousins. It seems that recently there was some question of repairing the lightning-conductor of a New York church (yes, there *are* churches in New York). With infallible reasoning, if with doubtful theology, a local poet evolved the following:—

If the Lord can rule with a single nod
The sea, the air, and the earth we've trod,
And if a church is the House of God,
Why clap on it a lightning rod?
What's the big idea?

THERE was a time when I detested having a meal to the accompaniment of a cabaret entertainment, with dancing mænads bumping the table and imperilling the safety of champagne at thirty-six shillings a bottle. But the very title, "Down with Dora," of Charlie Cochran's little supper show at the Trocadero put me in good humour, so much is it after my own heart in the way of propaganda.



By NORMAN KAY

"This car, sir, is absolutely fool-proof"
"On behalf of my wife I accept your challenge!"

SOCIALISTS AND THE DANCING GIRL

And the young ladies—young persons in pink and occasionally (very nearly) in the buff—who enter as if waiters were carrying them on are irresistible. So realistic is this diabolically clever device that a youth who accompanied me asked me to use my influence with the management to get him a job as "one of those waiter fellows."

The Adams Sisters are very much

An impression of those two amusing people, George Gee and Emma Haig, as they appear in "Virginia." Their humour has done much to make this musical play at the Palace such a big success

not in the Adam period, but none the worse for that, and the Jovers know the value of excessive melancholy in merry-making. Dora is officially "down" already, but here was some effective jumping on her still powerful corpse.

THE clamour of the official organ of labour that *all* night clubs and dance restaurants should be closed down because they are spots where "the idle and parasitic rich, battening, etc., etc.," disport themselves, is a hint of what a Socialist Government would do in the way of making London even duller than it is.

The position is the more irritating in that it was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself who recently declared that, whereas the Tory young lady thinks of little but feasting, dancing, and pleasure, the Socialist young lady is serious-minded and above such vanities. Of course, the Socialist young lady is just as keen on pleasure, and puts in as much of it as she conveniently can—good luck to her!

I will be more genuinely democratic than the Socialists (who cannot think of anybody's advantage but their own) and declare that if the man with money to spend is to be allowed to get a bite of something and a whisky-soda in the Kit-Cat or the Berkeley at 2 a.m., the working-man ought to be able to have refreshment to suit his taste and his purse in a pub at a similar hour—or, for that matter, at any hour of the day or night that suits him.

JUNE is not only to marry Lord Inverclyde: she is to leave the stage and lead "the quiet life she has always longed for."

Of course, even June would have been able at any time to "her quietus make with a bare bodkin" (provided the bodkin had a tasteful row of diamonds up one side and emeralds up the other), but I can well understand the relief of any musical comedy or revue star getting out of it all into well-gilded retirement.

The wire-pulling, the pussy-cats (of both sexes) in the Savoy Grill, the envy, the wangling of agents by managers, and of managers by agents, the publicity business, the cruel disappointments—it's a dog's life, even for the leading ladies. What the less successful have to endure is hardly printable.

ONE does not usually associate oysters with art—apart, of course, from the gastronomic art—although Lord George Sanger once introduced to the credulous an Intelligent Oyster that smoked a pipe. "Bill" Bentley, whose oysters are as well known in Piccadilly as are Heppell's pick-me-ups, has introduced a

"AIRCRAFTSMAN SHAW" LANDS SECRETLY

Aircraftsman Shaw, known the world over as "Lawrence of Arabia," smiles cryptically as he leaves the P. & O liner Rajputana on his way home from the North-East Frontier. He was sent home following the trouble in Afghanistan although the authorities state that he was not implicated in any way in that affair

EPSTEIN, OYSTERS AND ART

A DOG'S LIFE

Entrants for the Annual Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall receive a wash and brush-up before facing the judges. Whether they think it worth it, even if they land a "first," is a little dubious

By Chicot

THE PUP. "Well, Fido, I've nothing against the woman, but I shall *never* fancy bones again!"

decidedly arty atmosphere into one of the rooms in his Swallow Street branch. The walls are covered with original sketches by Epstein, which certainly add an air of distinction to the surroundings, even if the sudden sight of the portrait of one of his female negro models makes you swallow your oyster without taking the prescribed two bites.

IT is certainly a new departure, however, and "Bill," who has run a highly successful pierrot troupe at Clacton for many years during those months which are R-less and, as far as Town is concerned, often airless, deserves to be congratulated on his bold experiment. It is a little doubtful if the pictures in question will prove an irresistible attraction to his near neighbours, the grave and reverend seigneurs of Burlington House.

THE Liberal Party has caught the big competition prize spirit so ably fostered by My Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. With the General Election in its mind's eye it is offering money prizes to the extent of £1,000 for slogans, posters, and ideas to be used in the coming campaign. It is doubtful if such a slogan as "Unity is Strength" is likely to appeal to the various factions in the party, but there should be a good chance for the genius who can turn out a slogan full of compromise. "If you can't support Samuel, Cheer for the Chieftain of Churt," should not give any offence. "Long Live the Lloydian Libs" would, of course, please half the party, but the other ten would probably object.

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"It was cold outside and almost pitch dark"

LADY FELICIA'S PEARLS

By

T. G. CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOOKWAY COWLES

"How many do you make them, Rufus?"

"Two hundred and sixteen."

"Well, you must be wrong, then. There are only two hundred and fifteen altogether. Here, give me the hat and let me have another count before it gets too dark. Is it any good your looking on the ground again?"

"Not the smallest, Felicia, I've swept every inch of it. I'm perfectly certain you've got them all there."

Lady Felicia made no answer. She was dropping the members of what had once been a string of pearls from her hand into Rufus's hat, which rested in her lap, and as she dropped she counted audibly. The man at her side let his gaze travel from her to the bare upland down on which they were sitting, and thence to the valley below. The westering sun still afforded them all the light they needed, but the vale was already in twilight. Staring downwards, Rufus could just discern a cluster of tall chimneys, and his memory could fill in the outline of the rest of the house. Her house— her's and John's! His own cottage was just out of view, round a bend of the drive to the right. His cottage! If only it were his, instead of being simply another of John's possessions! And at the thought of that gross dull-witted John, who had everything and spoiled everything he had by the mere fact of possessing it — houses, land, even Felicia—he scowled.

"Two hundred and twelve, two hundred and thirteen, two hundred and four—Oh! Rufus, there *is* one missing! What shall we do?"

Felicia's voice rose in a little wail. Rufus pulled himself to his feet. The sun was almost gone, and the air was already growing cold. He was feeling both stiff and chilled.

"Do? Go home, I suppose. We're late enough as it is."

"Yes, I suppose so." Lady Felicia rose in her turn. "But Rufus, what am I going to say to John?"

"Tell him the string broke, I should think. What else is there to tell him?"

They were walking down the rough hill path by now, and Lady Felicia's voice came in little jerks as she picked her way across the uneven surface. In her right hand she clutched the hat containing the pearls, and after a pace or two her left found Rufus's arm and stayed there.

"He'll make a beastly row, Rufus. A brand new string, and one missing! You know what he's like."

"Only too well," remarked Rufus with heavy irony.

"I am so wretched having a thing like this spoil our last day together. Must you really go to-morrow?"

"If you could tell me some means by which I could stay, I should be deeply indebted to you, Felicia. Needs must when the devil drives, and the devil seems to have found a highly efficient deputy in your husband, my dear. The lease of my cottage expires to-morrow and will not be renewed, so there is an end of it. I bow to the power of the purse. We must all do that sooner or later, mustn't we, Felicia?" he added meaningly.

She shuddered. "I wish you wouldn't talk like that," she said. "It doesn't make things better, and it isn't fair to either of us. I never pretended that I would have married John if he'd been poor, but I didn't marry him for his money any more than he married me for my title. You needn't think we didn't care for each other once just because things haven't turned out ——"

"I'm sorry, Felicia, I know I'm behaving like a brute," said Rufus, in a mollified tone. "But can't you imagine what it means to me to leave you alone with that cur?"

"Don't, Rufus, don't!" begged Felicia, "talk about something else, for Heaven's sake!"

"For example?" he asked.

"About you, for one thing. About where you are going to when you leave and what you are going to do."

"I shall go abroad. I know where I can live cheaply. I shall paint and try and make some money." He laughed. "What a hope! Imagine me with money!"

They walked on in silence through the lodge gates and up the drive. They were nearly arrived at the house when he stopped abruptly and dragged her towards him.

"I know this, though," he said fiercely. "If I had money, I shouldn't be going alone!"

"Rufus, for God's sake leave go," she panted. "Anybody might see us from the house. I'd better go the rest of the way alone."

He released her.

"You're right, of course, damn it," he remarked gloomily. "But I'll come as far as the door with you, if not for the pleasure of your company, to retrieve my hat. I've got to do my packing to-night."

Without a further word they reached the house. Rufus stood in the porch while she found a box, transferred to it the pearls and returned to him.

"Here's your precious hat," she said with an affectation of gaiety. "Good-night, I'll try and see you before you go to-morrow. No! You must go now! Good-night. Oh! my darling, darling Rufus!" But the door was closed, and she was on the inside of it.

The butler met her in the hall.

"Sir John wished to see you, my lady," he said.

"Thank you, Hopkins. Where is Sir John?"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"In the study, my lady."

She found her husband sitting by the fire. He held a book in his hand, but the armchair was slewed round towards the door as if he had been watching it expectantly. His pale, birdlike eyes met her as she entered, and she was hardly in the room before he began to speak in the cold, staccato tones she knew so well.

"You are very late, Felicia. I understood you to promise that you would be home in time for tea."

"Yes, I know, I'm sorry. I was walking up on High Down with Rufus ——"

"I am quite aware of that fact, but not that it entitles you to forget your obligations."

"—— And I broke my string of pearls."

"Broke the string of your pearls" he asked in surprise. "How did that happen?"

"It just broke—and then it took us ages looking for them afterwards."

"No doubt it did; and I am relieved to hear that you were successful. But how did the string come to break?"

"But I'm awfully afraid we weren't absolutely successful. I counted them and there's one missing."

John raised his eyebrows.

"This grows worse, Felicia. First you come and tell me that a string of pearls not three days out of the jeweller's hands has broken, apparently of its own volition, as you refuse to give any other explanation of its breaking. Now you add casually that one of the pearls is missing. Upon my word, you seem to treat the loss of valuable property wonderfully lightly. I envy you your detachment."

Felicia knew well that nothing could give her husband greater pleasure than to see her lose her temper.

"I suppose the things are insured, aren't they?" she asked coolly.

"In point of fact, the 'things,' as you so contemptuously describe them, are not yet insured," was the reply. "Had I known you would be in such haste to lose them I should have had them insured before they were delivered, but I imagined that they would be safe for a week at least. No doubt I should by this time have known you better. It is my fault." He bowed his head in mock resignation, and then looked up again abruptly, a purposeful gleam in his beady eye. "In any case," he added slowly, "I fancy that this is not a loss which a prudent underwriter would pay out on without inquiry."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Felicia in genuine surprise.

"I mean this," answered John, with a nearer approach to warmth than he had yet shown. "My wife goes for a walk with a penniless young artist who loves her."

"John!"

"Do you deny it? Very well, then. She comes back from the walk very late, with a broken string of pearls and one missing. She proffers no explanation of how a new string was broken. As a prudent underwriter I remind myself that any one of the pearls is worth hundreds, some of them thousands, of pounds—a fortune to a very poor man, whom I already know to be capable of theft."

"How dare you make such a suggestion?"

"He has already attempted to steal my wife. I have no reason to suppose he would stop at a lesser offence. To continue—I remind myself, however, that the string may have been broken in some other way—accidental, but none the less discreditable, seeing that explanation is evaded. I look into my imagination, and I do not like what I see there. Well?"

Felicia was standing bolt upright, her face deadly pale, her bosom heaving in short, quick gasps.

"You—you beast!" she stammered, "as if it wasn't enough to make vile accusations against me—I'm used to that, God knows—but you must start to blacken the character of a man who ——"

"A man whose boots I am not fit to black, I suppose," interrupted Sir John drily. "I seem to recognise the jargon. I prefer to think of him as a bad painter and a very unsatisfactory tenant, whom I shall be glad to see the last of. I have long since given up expecting you to remember your duties as a wife, Felicia, but you must give me leave to deplore your taste."

For a brief half minute Lady Felicia stood silent, shaking from head to foot. Then abruptly,

"Very well, I shall abide by my taste, then," she said, and was gone.

It was cold outside and almost pitch dark, but she ran too fast to feel the cold, and she knew the way too well to need a light for her feet. Once round the bend in the drive she could see the light in the window of the cottage sitting-room, and ran straight towards it, taking a short cut across the rough grass of the park. Rufus must have heard her as her feet touched the gravel again, for she saw his face at the window and the door opened almost as soon as she had knocked on it. She tumbled on the threshold almost into his arms.

"Felicia! What on earth . . .?"

She was too breathless to answer coherently at first and too close to him to see the expression on his face. She could only cling to him and say:

"Oh, Rufus! I've come—I've come!"

The laugh with which he answered seemed constrained.

"So I have gathered, my dear girl. But for goodness' sake, don't let's stay out here in the draught. Come into the sitting-room. It's all upside down with my packing, I'm afraid, but at least it's fairly warm."

She realised for the first time that she was indeed chilled to the bone. She suffered herself to be led into the room and stood for a moment holding her hands to the fire. There was an uneasy pause. Rufus broke it at length.

"Well, Felicia, you haven't told me yet," he said, "why have you come here? Has anything happened?"

His stupidity nettled her.

"Oh, Rufus, can't you understand? It simply means that I've come to you—for good. I want you to take me away with you to-morrow—I don't care where it is—the farther away from that horrible house the better. You said if you had money you wouldn't be going away alone. Well, I'm not afraid of being poor. It will be an agreeable change after ——" She shuddered.

"But Felicia, darling!" His dismay was self-evident.

"They had nearly arrived at the house when he stopped abruptly and dragged her towards him"

"We should starve! We should starve, I tell you."

"I shouldn't cost you anything, Rufus. I promise. I can sing a bit, you know. I'll get work somehow."

"But my dear, we discussed all this this afternoon and you definitely turned it down. Why have you changed your mind all of a sudden?"

"Listen," said Felicia. "I'll tell you what happened after I got home to-day, and then perhaps you'll understand the sort of thing I've had to put up with and why I can't go on living with John any longer. As soon as he heard about the pearls he wanted to know how it happened, and when I wouldn't tell him he started to make all the most filthy suggestions ——"

"The brute!" murmured Rufus under his breath.

"And if that wasn't enough he accused you of having pocketed the pearl that's missing. I'm used to his beastly jealousy—he's been like that ever since you came here—but when he sinks to calling a man a thief just because he happens to be decently poor—I thought I'd just show him what I thought of him!"

She smiled up into his face. What she saw there did not encourage her to continue smiling.

"Er, Felicia," said Rufus, shifting from one foot to the other, with a very red face. "Of course I recognise all this is perfectly wretched for you and you've had a rotten time over it, but don't you think you've been a bit rash? I mean, I don't think you can have realised properly what it would be like living with a poor devil like me in second-rate Continental hotels and boarding-houses. It's not the life you've been brought up to, and I don't think I've got any right to ask you to share it. And after all, brute though he is, you can't altogether blame John for being a bit cross about those pearls. I expect when he gets over that he'll be all right again. And that reminds me ——"

He put his hand into his waistcoat pocket.

"What on earth have you got there?" asked Felicia.

"I—er—I found this in the lining of my hat after you'd given it back to me. I meant to return it before I left to-morrow morning. All this other talk had quite driven it out of my head for the time being. It's awfully lucky I found it. It's one of the big ones."

Without answering Lady Felicia held out her hand. Rufus dropped the pearl into it.

"Thank you," she said in an utterly expressionless tone, and moved towards the door.

"Felicia, I can't tell you how I hate parting in this way, but it is the only possible thing, and I'm sure you'll come to see I'm right in the end. I'll write as soon as I know what my address is going to be, and perhaps some day ——"

"Would you mind opening the door?" said Lady Felicia.

She did not take the short cut across the grass this time, because her feet seemed strangely clumsy and kept stumbling even on the smooth surface of the drive. Her husband was still sitting where she had left him, in the same position commanding the door, as if he had never stirred.

He watched her entrance without a word or movement. She walked up to his chair and said:

"Here is the missing pearl, John."

He extended his hand.

"Thank you," he said in the same tone his wife had used a few minutes before.

Lady Felicia sank down into an armchair and began to cry. It was a sight which her husband could not stand. He rose and left the room to dress for dinner. T. G. C.

Lenare

Clare Luce, the beautiful leading lady in "Burlesque," the play of American stage life which was transferred to the Vaudeville last Monday. With Nelson Keys she scores one of the biggest hits in this entertaining show

PARIS GOSSIP

PLAYS, PUBLICATIONS & PERSONALITIES

By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

The Eternal Quadrangle

ONCE upon a time, long ago, there was something called The Eternal Triangle. But this fashion of passion has become *démodée*, and has been stored away in the garret along with papa's bathing suit that had a top to it. And now the Eternal Wrangle is a Quadrangle. So, all my little pupils who have passed into higher mathematics, come and gather around Teacher.

IN this wicked city of Paris is a play called *Je T'attendais*. Jean has been making goo-goo eyes at Colette, They meet one evening, quite by accident, at a bar, and fall in love. Jean's playmate, Madeleine, is many years older than he, and she has to keep her eye on him, believe me. Collete's gentleman friend is Pierre, who is a nice old thing, but you know how girls are. Madeleine and Pierre were friends long, long ago, and Madeleine, now a widow, although much taken up by Jean, is very glad to see Pierre again. The second and third acts take place in an hotel at Orleans, where the young things have arranged to meet, Colette having told Pierre that she was going to visit her grandmother in Blois, ha! ha! Jean's best friend, Gaston, nearly ruins everything, just as all best friends do, by wailing out in the hall because *his* girl-friend did not show up.

THE final act is in Madeleine's house in Paris, where she is expecting them all to dinner, just a family party, don't bother to dress. . . . The stupid Gaston appears, and with a clumsiness that is positively adroit, gives everything away. The young Colette and Jean never appear again, and the older couple are left to carry on the old tradition.

IT doesn't sound like much, does it? But *Je T'attendais* is one of the most delightful plays I have seen in years. The lines are brilliant and the situations properly pathetic and improperly amusing. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the part of Madeleine, and still is, in my opinion, the best-dressed woman on the French stage, and the only one who looks distinguished. Whenever she makes an entrance she causes a sort of hiatus, and I missed several good lines taking in her white satin evening wrap and perfect dress. She also should get a prize for wearing no jewels about her neck, and only one bracelet, but what a bracelet! Oh, well, let's go on with the play—Alice Cocea is cute as hell as Colette.

PIERRE FRESNAY, one of the few really good-looking *jeunes premières*, is a charming young Jean, and Signoret, playing the deceived middle-aged Pierre, is magnificent. Jacques Natanson, one of the most advanced of the younger dramatists, is the author. According to his photograph in the programme he

Muriel and Bob who "star" at Victor's

ART AND THE DISGRUNTLED VISITOR

seems to have quite a lot of hair for so intelligent a dramatist.

AFTER having figured out this quadrangle you will probably be amused at this story. Ambroise Vollard is considered the greatest picture dealer in France. He is also a critic (whose book in Renoir is famous) and a publisher. Years ago the publisher's side of his soul was in a great glow of enthusiasm over Verlaine, and he longed to print the poet's "Parèllelement" at the Imprimerie Nationale. Of course, that required the sanction of the Minister of Education and Fine Arts. Feeling a bit hopeless he made his request and to his astonishment it was granted at once. The mystery was soon explained: The Minister had thought that "Parèllelement" was a treatise on geometry.

NEAR Ermononville is the Château of Châalis. The nucleus of the property is an abbey built by Louis le Gros in 1132, and later acquired by the Cistercian monks, who erected the first known church of *ogival* architecture. Do I not sound intelligent? The property was in the process of being enlarged and beautified for years, but the work was never completed. After the Revolution it became a *Domaine Publique*, and some time later was sold to Madame Vatry, who left it to her nephew, whose widow married Prince Joachim Murat. The latter spent a great deal of time and money in improving the gardens, and then sold Châalis to Madame Edouard André. She in turn bequeathed it to the Institut de France as a sort of country house-museum complement to the Jacquemart-André Musée, in the Boulevard Haussmann.

CHARLES WIDOR, the permanent secretary of the Academie des Beaux Arts, who is married to a Montesquiou-Fezensac, if you must know, is supervising the restoration of the château and park. Like all public and semi-public property in France, admission is charged, the fee in this case being three francs. The other morning Widor was walking about the park full of pride and enthusiasm in his work. Suddenly he was confronted by a visitor. "You are Monsieur Widor?" she asked. He bowed. "Well, let me tell you," snapped she, "you charge three francs entrance fee to this château, and it isn't worth two sous!" With that Widor said to his complaining compatriot, "Madame, I would not have you dissatisfied for the world. Allow me, dear madame, to reimburse you." And Widor took some coins from his pocket, carefully counted out two francs, ninety centimes, and handed them to the great art lover saying, "Here, madame, is your change!"

Sasha

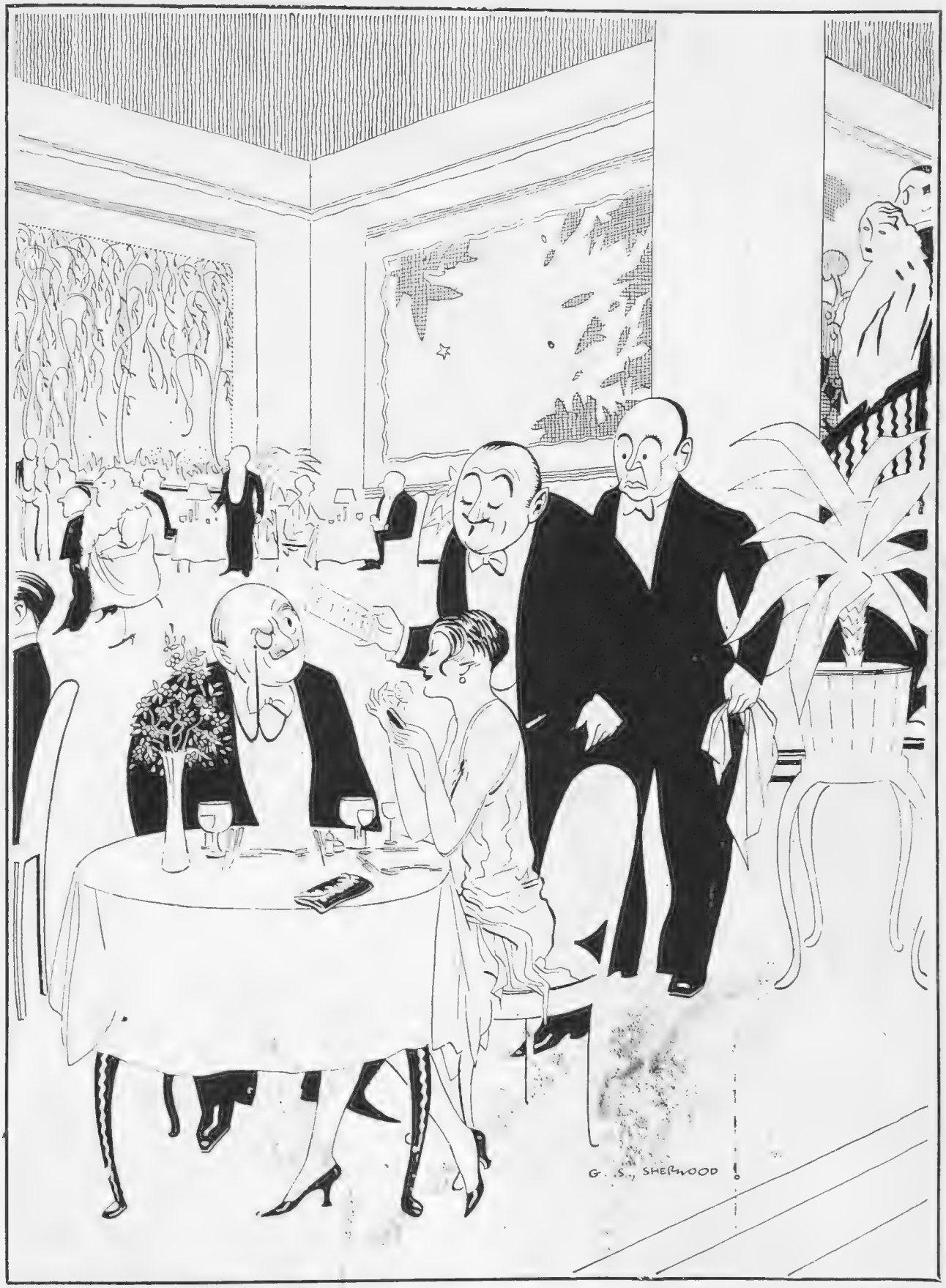
The Rowe Sisters, two clever dancers who have scored a big success in Paris, where they started their Continental tour. Before leaving England they were appearing at the Savoy Hotel

WE dined this week Chez Victor. Victor, as you may have heard, has come over from London, and is established in the Faubourg St. Honoré, across the street from the British Embassy, and is doing very well, thank you. There is a bar on the street floor, and one on the second, so by the time you reach the restaurant on the third floor you are feeling perfectly fine. Next the dance floor is, of course, a piano, and at, or on the piano, sits Muriel, and by her, Bob, with banjo. They used to sing at the Night Light Club in Dean Street. They have the grandest songs.

NOW let me tell you something. That old gossip who runs the gossip department of THE BYSTANDER thinks he is too smart for words because he heard Cole Porter sing his songs at a tea party in London, and everybody reads about it first because here I am stuck in the back pages of the magazine, just like a poor relation. Well, I'll get even with him, I will. He just told you that Porter sang a song called "Let's Do It." Now *I* am going to tell you some of the words:

"Argentines without any means do it,
They say that in Boston even the beans do it;
Let's fall in love."

SO there! Bob and Muriel sing it, and have a grandly ridiculous song by Elsa Maxwell called, "He's Just a Personal Friend of Mine." There is another song, a very sad one all about a young man in prison, and it was all because he had put a slug in a slot-machine. My eyes were so red from crying that I was ashamed to look round to see who was there, but was told that the Duchess of Sutherland, the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, and Lord Carisbrooke were. J. M.



BY G. S. SHERWOOD

"*Are the couple you nodded to over there married?*"
"*Rather—I know both* his *wife and* her *husband*"

A RUGGER REVERIE

ONE OR TWO THINGS

By PENDARVES

By Mac

A famous "Tiger"—Squadron-Leader John Russell, of Leicester, and captain of the Royal Air Force Fifteen

THEY say "No Other Tiger." I don't know what it means. But obviously it is wrong. There are several others. Leicester is full of them. Fifteen of them came up the other day to London to deal with the Scottish of this city. And after nine consecutive Metropolitan defeats—and if that isn't tigerish I'm dashed if I know what is. Nobody knows authoritatively why the Leicester Rugby Football Club members are called "The Tigers." Any amount of men, of course, will advance emphatic reasons why, in bars and places where they shout. But this generally after "the other half" has been offered and taken, several times. The most likely reason is because of the stripes round their jerseys. Silly enough, since a hundred other clubs are "tiger" striped.

I HAVE a great respect for the Leicester Club, partly because it has for several years past produced consistently one of the best club sides in this country. But primarily (so selfish are we all *au fond*), because it has the best *club* ground in all four countries from the spectator's point of view. The 'Quins will no doubt raise a yell at this. But if they stop to think a moment they will realise that Twickenham, although superb for an International, is really a bit microscopic to the watcher of a club game, unless he is admirably placed in Row A, Seat I, Block D, West Stand. Whereas at Leicester you have a splendid close up view of everything for eighteenpence, all in, anywhere.

IT is because this Midland club is so representative of all that is best in Rugger that it angers me to hear calumnies about its members. I know I referred to a similar matter last week, but I can't resist passing this on to you. Would you believe it? I was solemnly assured in Scotland last Saturday that certain of the Tigers have their Rugger clothing provided for them by a grateful "Management" (whatever that may mean—things like shorts and boots and jerseys. I asked sarcastically of my informant whether they had sock-suspenders also handed out to them after the match, while changing? And he replied that he had no doubt these would be included too "on demand." I look to my many English pals who hazard a journey now and then to the wilds of Glasgow to deal drastically with these Scottish allegations. It is difficult, of course, to deal with them as you would like to, because nine out of ten of us are their grateful guests when in their lairs.

ANOTHER amusing matter—if it wasn't so stupid, and in such bad taste. I am told in Scotland, with raised eyebrows and jeers, that the England team, when it arrives in Edinburgh prior to the GREAT GAME in March, is going to stay at North Berwick instead of in the city itself, as heretofore. This is considered to be the act of "professionals." They are evidently going there "to train."

SO they have offered "a huge sum" to young Wilson of Manchester, our Wing Three, to "come over" to the League? Good! But they have had no luck. Better. That he treated the overtures with considerable disdain and some epithets. Best. It puzzles me always why the Professional Rugby Football People should imagine for a single moment that there is anything in the least attractive to the average Englishman in the thought of becoming a professional Rugby footballer (and nothing else whatsoever) for the very few short seasons that he is able to be a money-making unit for other people—then to be cast aside as an old glove, with no decent job in hand.

THE headmaster of a well-known school does me the honour to ask for my views on the advisability of changing over next winter term from the Soccer to the Rugger code. I cannot give them, unfortunately, because I am naturally biased. I could only reply, as I did, that for a school such as his that has been playing Soccer for so long, and with no small success, such a contemplated change is a very drastic one in the curriculum of the School's athleticism, and, from a point of view of school revenue (uppermost, naturally, in a Head's mind always), may be deleterious.

AFTER all, there are hundreds of parents whose characters were moulded at a Soccer school who, very properly, desire their sons to shine at this fine game as they, no doubt, did themselves. These would view with grave disapproval a change of game inimical to their traditions. And rightly so. Only the Head and his Governors or Trustees can make this decision It would be stupid and impertinent if any of us mere writers attempted to sway the issue. One fact, however, stands out clearly. A compromise is useless. The compromise, I mean, whereby a school plays Rugger before Christmas and Soccer before Easter (or *vice versa*). Because then it is bound to become a truism—according to precedents which we have before us—that the School sinks into mediocrity at both games.

A Leicester player seen receiving the ball from the break up of a scrum in the match between Leicester and the London Scottish at Richmond. The "Tigers" won comfortably by 28 points to 3

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GOING TO A PARTY

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

Cocktails, indiscriminate kissing, and too much lipstick

THE boy-friend came in rather distressful the other day. Had a girl from overseas on an introduction and got to entertain her. Not American, I needn't say; American women all entertain themselves. Being, besides, about the only girls in the world who can make a success of a party with each other and enjoy themselves without ever a pair of trousers to cast a shadow behind them. Which probably no *man* who reads will believe—even of Americans.

WELL, I said, we'll do a round. Let's see who's giving a Bottle Party So we dialled all the numbers we knew beginning with Slo and Ken and rather more with just O as an S O S to the Exchange. And we found Miss Henrietta Leslie giving a Frolic to the broad-browed, who are also members of the P.E N. club, and a selection of cocktail parties in a studio. She wanted to see a bit of real English life and how the people lived in London. Here was a chance. "This, ah—this is Chelsea," as the Arts and Crafts woman said to the taxi-man entering the Fulham Road.

SO *he* went off and sent a postcard to the girl and *I* went to Australia House to be both Imperial and Economic and bought a bottle of wine. For it all goes into the cup and doesn't notice. As has been observed, there's many a slip . . . though I doubt if opossum (or what is the animal?) claret has been the fall of many.

WE got her there. Terribly thrilled and gone completely girlish at the idea of seeing the artists in their Chelsea homes. No one having had time to explain to her that artists are the last people to live in Chelsea nowadays, all the best studios being snapped up by the inhabitants of Mayfair who can afford to pay huge rents for them out of their idle riches. Not so idle, though; it took an early bird to catch the Art-silk worm. Still, it seems a bit hard on those who really do need a North light for their work, and therefore in many cases their living, that the people who "care for none of these things" should be able to put a luxury premium on them.

"Mopped it up with my new and terribly expensive georgette hanky"

WE pointed out one or two celebrities to our Dominion guest. Where Noel Coward lives in Ebury Street and Alec Waugh's flat in Cheyne Place. Where, by the way, is at present living Dora Souez, who is American with Red Indian and Spanish ancestors, and is to sing at Covent Garden this season. Besides which, she is married to "Boy" Malcolm, who was one of Oxford's greater lads two years ago or so. Editor of the *Isis* and President of O.U.D.S., though he did not complete that three-piece success with the accompanying distinction of President of the Union. Gyles Isham did that, as did also Malcolm Brereton, both of Rugby—the school not the game—incidentally.

TALKING of O.U.D.S., it is good to see one of these precocious amateurs, as they too often remain, doing such great things on the professional stage in the person of Robert Speaight in *Journey's End.* John Fernald, I see, is also in the cast with a walking-on part; he was another "great man" at O.U.D.S. and on the *Isis* (the journal, not the river), and was sent down for a term or so to get through the Latin of Pass Mods!

WHEN we got there, the bottles yet intact beneath our arms, the poor girl was rather upset about her dress. We had told her to wear, "oh, anything," and she had. And, of course, there was our hostess in a picture frock, looking like a Mistress of the Robes to Queen Elizabeth or any Society bridesmaid. The men had been told to wear what they liked but to let it be unusual, with the result (such great minds have the darlings and such senses of humour) they were each and all in immaculate tails.

So, of course, anyone not prepared for this " convention " might well feel a bit out of it.

GETTING almost like the codes of Auction Bridge, these mysterious " conventions " about what to wear at parties. Because as far as an onlooker can tell of that amazing game, the whole point of that, too, consists in not calling, whatever else you do, a Spade a Spade. Call it a Club or two Diamonds, and with luck your partner will " get you." If he doesn't, there's what they call a post-mortem and after that a row.

AND now they say a worse complication is to come along called Contract. Here the last vestige of saying what you mean has gone. And a helpful exponent of it says,

A Chelsea Bottle Party—but not *at the P.E.N. Club!*

" Overcalling is ruinous, undercalling is fatal." So what is the poor week-end house party guest to do? Put on the ear-phones and look pleasant and leave the other four to make up the table. For there will be no avoiding the game now; it has been played for years on the Continent and in the States, and now the Portland Club which, I gather, is a sort of Jix in the Bridge world, has sanctioned it here and sent out rules about it to all those very special clubs where they write letters to *The Times* from. What they do between whiles you will know by this. And many a one of them has ended on the Embankment for not calling " No Trumps," they do say.

WELL, as she felt out of it about the dress—and what worse way of feeling out of it could there be?—we took the poor girl away and said we'd find a friend with a car and drive to a party with friends who live at one of the smarter river places at the end of the Great West Road. If Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley feels like planting any more little trees along England's highways (hear, hear) wish she'd try an apple tree or any other sort where they paint the trunk white along here. Because when there is the least fog about the kerb is impossible to trace and the first thing you are likely to know of the sides of the road are the iron railings at the end of the grass sidewalks. No friendly encounter, believe me.

WE didn't take any bottles with us because we knew there was a cocktail bar built out of the lounge and we didn't worry about clothes because it was the week-end, and we guessed they'd all be in varying degrees of charade props by now and no one would know whether we were evening-dressed or optional. The girl wanted to know who they all were and showed a lot of general knowledge from the best popular preachers of the day. " That, I suppose, is a real Modern Girl? " she asked me, pointing out a particularly preferable blonde, " and spends her life like this: drinking cocktails and using lipstick." " Indeed, no," I was forced to reply and disappoint her. " All the week she is where every nice girl who keeps herself wants to be, a secretary in Whitehall." Which, indeed, was true, and proves what we always have said about the *non-est* of the modern Modern Girl.

AND to show how really simple and nice we all were we kept her there till daybreak and showed her how to cook a proper English breakfast of sausages. And to do it when a splash of fat on the ring velvet is death is no mean feat, as the boy-friend observed when they upset the *café au lait* down his neck and mopped it up with my new and terribly expensive georgette hanky (the size of a man's normal one, you know the sort). We had shown her a bit of Home-life and how we go to parties, but wouldn't two stalls and a supper have cost about the same in the end? And wouldn't she be just as wise about English life and how it is lived?

Rosemary.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THREE WARS And WOMEN

By RALPH STRAUS

THE war-books and the war-plays abound, and some people are thrilled and delighted, while others are merely bored. The new generation which Mr. Evelyn Waugh has so recently discovered will, I presume, be amongst the bored. Yet even they will find Mrs. C. S. Peel's new book, *How We Lived Then, 1914-1818* (Lane: 15*s.*), very much to their taste, for its pages read like the queerest romance.

❋

IT certainly *was* the most curious place. There were hardships and hard work, but there were hallucinations and hysteria as well. It is only a few years ago, and yet how distant and aloof everything seems! How easily, too, one forgets those smaller affairs, which were so important at the time and seem so ridiculous to-day!

❋

TO take an instance, I had completely forgotten that once on a time it was a criminal offence to stand a friend a drink even in the sanctity of your own club. And what scares we had! A lawn tennis court had only to have been built upon asphalte to become an object of the deepest suspicion—so obviously it had been built by Germans for a gun-emplacement. The tiniest light inadvertently shown at night in an attic-window must be an important signal to the enemy, though a signal about *what* nobody seemed to know.

❋

THOSE food tickets, too! It is odd to remember how precious potatoes and sugar once were, and how careful we were obliged to be with our paper. And the fuss that was made when women boldly set out to do things, really useful things, "on their own"!

❋

THESE, however, are but a few of the war-time phenomena round about which Mrs. Peel has constructed her most entertaining and, indeed, historically valuable book. It is the kind of book that you and I, a hundred years hence, would be glad to have in our hands, because it would be telling us just those things about which most of the histories are silent. For it is not only the smaller affairs that come in for notice. The air raids as eye-witnesses saw them, the queer domestic crises in the ordinary home, the astounding effort of the women—all these find a place. Incidentally there is a whole mass of illustrations, not excluding some delightfully quaint advertisements of women's clothes.

❋

QUEER things happen in war-time, and it does not seem to matter very much when the war is fought. I have been reading two novels, both of which have a war of the past in the background. As it happens, both are first novels, and both works of quite unusual distinction. And yet two stories told more differently than are *The Bride Adorned* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by D. L. Murray, and *Vivandière!* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Phœbe Fenwick Gaye, could hardly be imagined.

❋

MR. MURRAY, already a practised historical writer, is telling a story of Rome in the 'sixties, when

Phœbe Fenwick Gaye, the author of "Vivandière." Published by Secker at 7s. 6d. net, it is reviewed in this article

the Pope's temporal throne was tottering, and his prose is of its period, decorous, careful, very fine to read. On the other hand, Miss Gaye, who is sketching Napoleon's ill-starred Moscow expedition, follows Shavian methods and does not disdain to be almost startlingly modern.

❋

AND ordinarily, I admit, I might be inclined to be unfriendly. To find modern slang, and American slang at that, in a tale which belongs to a century ago comes as a slight shock. Yet I have no hesitation at all in saying that this book of Miss Gaye's is so boisterously alive, so human, so attractively written, as to be one of the best historical novels that we have had for some time. The comedy of that trans-

BOOKS REVIEWED

HOW WE LIVED THEN, 1914-1918. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Lane: 15s.)

THE BRIDE ADORNED. By D. L. Murray. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)

VIVANDIÈRE. By Phœbe Fenwick Gaye. (Secker: 7s. 6d.)

WE ARE THE DEAD. By Ann Reid. (Constable: 6s.)

ASK THE YOUNG. By W. B. Trites. (Gollancz: 5s.)

THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY. By Agatha Christie. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)

ELEVEN. By W. W. Masters. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

FRASER BUTTS IN. By Hugh Clevely (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

European march is brought out as clearly as its tragedy, and, unlike so many stories of the kind, this one seems near to you. It is as though you yourself had become a hanger-on of the Grand Army, and gone to Moscow, and watched it burning, and somehow struggled home.

❋

MISS GAYE, moreover, has done much more than re-create an historical campaign. She has woven into her account of it a charmingly natural romance. Julie, the *vivandière*, is a delightful young person, whose devotion to her lieutenant deserves a better reward than is hers. Yet here, too, it is to be noticed that Miss Gaye is bowing no knee to a rather stupid convention. At the end of the story Julie is safely married, but not to her lieutenant, and you feel that this is what would really have happened.

❋

IT is, indeed, work of the first class, and if there is one false note—I allude to a short passage in which horses are supposed to be talking about their masters—that may be forgiven. Miss Gaye shows no signs of hesitation. She has a fine vocabulary, splendid descriptive powers, and a sense of fun. Her whole panorama seems real. And even those who generally fight shy of historical fiction will be delighted.

❋

MR. MURRAY mixes fiction with history in the cunningest fashion, and the materials at his disposal are certainly picturesque. Others before him have written of those fateful, dangerous days when Rome was about to become part of the Italian kingdom, but most of them have shown only one side of the question. Mr. Murray, on the contrary, is fair to both sides. His hero is a member of the Pope's Noble Guard, whose path is made all the thornier by reason of his love for an English Protestant girl, living in Rome with her uncle, and unwittingly dragged into revolutionary plots.

❋

THEIR romance, coinciding with the fall of the city, is most deftly unfolded, and as affairs reach their crises one is caught up in the glamour and excitement of it all. Indeed, when the identity of the dreaded Black Cardinal is unveiled one is conscious of a thrill of the most legitimate kind. It is fine drama, very finely told.

❋

ANOTHER first novel which I can cordially recommend is Ann Reid's *We Are the Dead* (Constable: 6*s.*). This is the simple tale of a mining village in the North. Old Mrs. Burns hopes that her youngest daughter will marry the local doctor and thus satisfy her own superiority complex. Ella herself wants to marry the too timid Jim. In the end she is seduced by the vulgar Bob, and, for her father's sake—he must never hear

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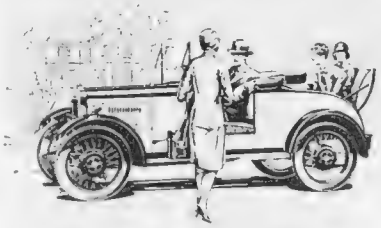

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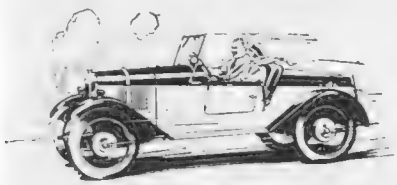

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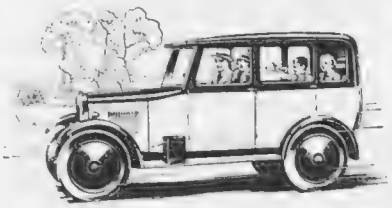
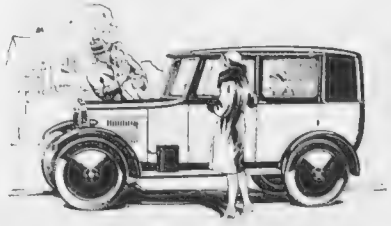


Saloon £160



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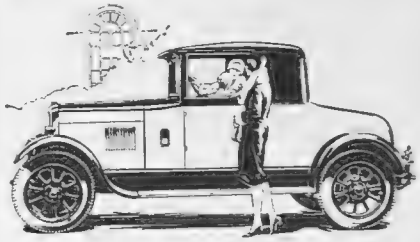

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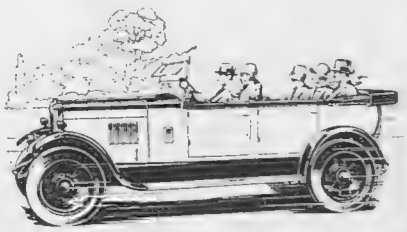

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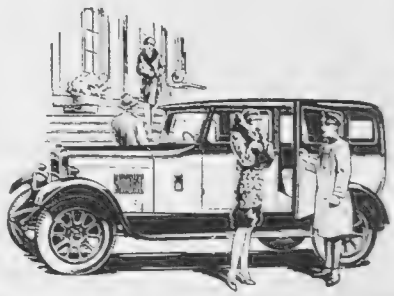

Senior Saloon £260. Six £350

Senior Sunshine Saloon £270
Six £350

H.P.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

of her shame—and after her mother has persuaded the fellow to put matters right—she agrees to marry him. Their baby is born, and dies; Bob soon shows his real nature; and at the end the poor girl is forced to take refuge with her now widowed mother.

❋

It is a simple tale, then, but it is told with such vigour and understanding as to be a thing of the most delicate beauty. These rough village folk are painted in with almost magical colours, and one comes to know and appreciate every one of them. Moreover, Miss Reid shirks nothing. Some of her pages make painful reading, but they never suggest anything other than the plain truth.

❋

Mr. W. B. Trites' short novel, *Ask the Young* (Gollancz: 5*s*.), is almost uncomfortably brilliant. Here you have a pair of ultra-modern young fools, artistically inclined, who believe that any convention must be hopelessly bad. Naturally, they disapproved of marriage. Naturally, it does not matter to them if they are incapable of earning their living. (There are always silly parents to pay for food and lodgings, if you worry them enough.) But—if a child comes, what then? In the most poignant way Mr. Trites shows how the arrival of their child turns both of them from their stupidly inept ways. And motherhood remains what it always was. This is a bravely outspoken story, which may annoy quite a number of people because it dares to point an old-fashioned moral.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1929

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Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

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SOME THRILLERS

The Seven Dials Mystery. By Agatha Christie. (Collins: 7*s*. 6*d*.)—Two mysterious murders, both of most estimable young men—one in a peer's country house, the other on the main road from it to London. Also a cosmopolitan secret society of seven which meets in a London night-club. I suspected a profiteering knight, a Foreign Office official, a lady who could not play bridge, the knight's private secretary, and a Cabinet Minister of the murders, and I suspected all but one of them of being the very shy No. 7 of the secret society. Needless to say, I was entirely and hopelessly wrong in both cases. Mrs. Christie's stories are genuinely puzzling and very nicely written. Incidentally, Lady "Bundle Trent" must be the first of the Bright Young Things to take up serious sleuthing. Excellent entertainment.

Eleven. By W. W. Masters. (Chapman and Hall: 7*s*. 6*d*.)—A most excitingly queer tale about four men and a young woman who for most excellent reasons set out in pursuit of a strange tramp. The "clues" that are provided puzzle the pursuers almost as much as they will the reader, for they can be read in more than one way; but this only adds to the excitement. This is a detective story without police and without what is ordinarily called a crime, and yet it is just as thrilling as the most murderous yarn.

Fraser Butts In. By Hugh Clevely. (Hutchinson: 7*s*. 6*d*.)—A mysterious murder in London; plenty of fighting; a jolly girl; and Fraser himself on a holiday. The confidence men fail to make a fool of him, but it is owing to them that he butts in to the strange business and runs such grave risks from both crooks and police. A swiftly moving affair which reads very nicely and should go very neatly indeed on the films.

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DOGS

CANINE CHARACTER

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-DAY, Wednesday, brings Dog Shows at Barnet and Rochester, and among those worth looking out for next week are Harrogate, Guildford and Tunbridge Wells. The Samoyed Association stages a show of its interesting breed (now distinctly on the up-grade in public favour) in Marylebone on March 6, the day before the City and Suburban Show at the Alexandra Palace; and Manchester's big Championship Show comes just a month from to-day.

A READER who is possessed of Kennel Club Show catalogues going back to half a century ago, writes that the Smooth Fox Terrier then easily headed the list, with six or seven times as many entries as the Wires, and was followed in this order by Setters, Collies, St. Bernards, Pointers, Retrievers and Mastiffs. The entries of the still so-called "Toys"—now a glaring misnomer for most of them—were then 20, as against 773 last year! There were, of course, comparatively few lady fanciers in those days, but this does not of itself account for the increase in favour of the little chaps, for, be it said, the women fanciers and breeders of to-day show as much keenness, and win as much success, among the biggest breeds. Some thirty different breeds were exhibited fifty years ago, as against nearly eighty now; and those of foreign origin were conspicuous only by their absence.

ANOTHER reader, in the South of France, says:—"Apropos your reference last month to the extraordinary intuitions displayed by dogs, suggesting their possession of faculties quite beyond our ken, what a pity it seems that no regular and authoritative record is kept of authentic instances. There's surely room for a kind of annual register of these canine achievements in such matters as saving human life, timely warnings of fire and attempted robbery; and, too, of Dogs' uncanny knowledge of exact times of day, and days of the week, and their wonderful sense of direction that enables them to find their way home across a hundred miles of totally unknown country; also their prevision, sometimes very remarkable. The Dog papers confine themselves too much to show records, and seem to care nothing for the far more fascinating subject of Dog-psychology."

THE idea is sound, but the criticism of the Dog papers is not quite fair. The *Dog World*, for example (now produced weekly in Bradford) is admirably attentive to such records. It recently reported the case of a Springer Spaniel left outside an hotel while its master was getting refreshment with friends within after a morning's sport. The bag had been small; say, a couple of dozen birds and some rabbits, and these had all been left in one car, which was not that of the Springer's master. Accordingly, this intelligent Spaniel proceeded, while waiting, to remove the entire bag, bird by bird and rabbit by rabbit, and to stack the lot carefully in his master's car. The same issue reports how when Mr. David Kirkwood, M.P., slipped and fell on an icebound road, dislocating his arm, his dog brought assistance to him; and how, in Oxford, a dog fetched a policeman from a considerable distance to the rescue of another dog floundered in an ice-hole in the Oxford Canal; also the story from some French sailors of an island between Madagascar and the African coast which is inhabited only by dogs.

NOBODY knows how they originally came there, but it seems that seamen who attempted to land on the beach were spotted by one big mongrel of Terrier type, who promptly rallied others to his call, and absolutely hounded the intruders back to their boat, with even more of determined severity than is shown by the immigration officials of another island, called Ellis!

REPLIES to inquiries regarding the correct feeding of Dogs must wait for a later issue. Meantime, all should remember the virtue of *hard* food. Soft, sloppy dishes are all bad for Dogs; hard tack's the thing all the time, and the best of it, such as assorted sippets, can be made to attract even the dainty feeders, especially when crisped-up in the oven before serving.

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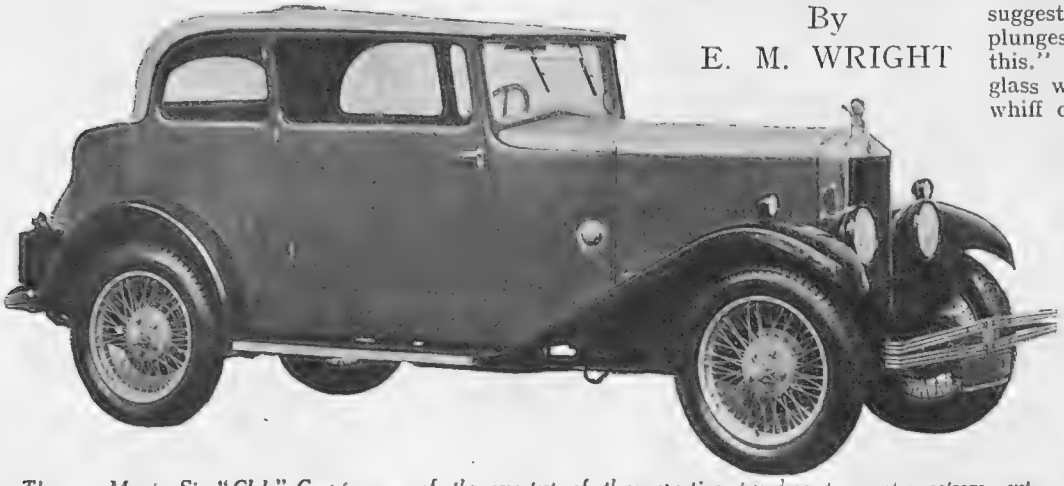
MOTOR NOTES

CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?

By
E. M. WRIGHT



The new Morris Six "Club" Coupé is one of the smartest of these sporting two-door four-seater saloons yet produced. The coachwork is built on the Gordon England patented system of lightweight construction, and the price is £399

How timously the world of modern syncopation caters for one's every mood! This week the dance tune they are all playing is "Misery Farm"—delicious in the profundity of its utter dejection. For I have a cold—an ugly, disfiguring "code id de doze," which makes me hideous to look upon or listen to. I have a headache, and my temper is of the very worst. My family have colds, too, and worst of all my car has a cold, and is even now in hospital suffering from severe complications in the pump passages. When I think of how that poor little bus must have suffered in that cold garage I am filled with remorse. But when my wife reminds me once again of the hideous sums we have had to pay to the medicine men at the garage, I transfer my sympathies to myself. And these are the charms of winter! You start in search of sunshine and you land yourself in a fog.

***

But why continue to harrow you? I have 'flu and all's wrong with the world. So miserable am I that the mere suggestion of better times ahead only plunges me into deeper gloom. "Drink this." I look up and take the steaming glass which my wife hands to me. One whiff of the pleasant aroma it gives off assures me that it is the finest physic man ever invented. As I sip the concoction a pleasant glow steals over me. After all, I reflect, winter does not last for ever. November, December, January, I count, and then February, with days definitely growing longer—dash it all, the winter is nearly over, and it's heigh ho! for the early spring.

***

At the Riley works in Coventry lately I met one of their officials who can claim to have studied overseas conditions in an almost ideal manner. He is Captain W. T. C. Riley, who has just returned from a long stay overseas. Now, whatever may be the state of Riley finances to-day, five or six years ago this concern was not a particularly wealthy one. Yet they had ambitions to learn something of motoring conditions in tropical climates. After a long discussion of ways and means Captain W. T. C. Riley ultimately volunteered to adopt an entirely novel course, and I think it is one of the most interesting stories I have heard in the trade for many years. Putting his idea into practice he got a job on the Gold

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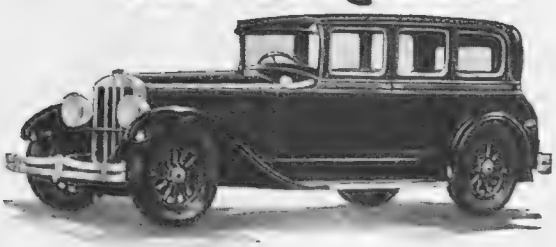
"8" performance at "6" price



The Chandler straight eight Saloon £545 — the lowest priced quality eight. The ultimate in car performance at the price of a good six.

Acceleration like an arrow from a bow. Fluid power from 5-75 m.p.h. on top. Westinghouse brakes and "One Shot" lubrication. And such beauty! — long, low, classic lines; outside and inside a perfect example of the coachbuilder's craft.

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UNITED MOTORS LTD., 28a Walnut Tree Walk, Kennington, S.E.11.

Streets

Something entirely different!

Silver that will face the music!

Now, with the introduction of B.M.C. Silverware you can have silver which is not only pure and beautiful but which is, above all, *as strong as steel.* Silver that is undentable! Silver that will outlast generations!

The B.M.C. process is one by which silver 100% pure is applied to a non-metallic base. No filling is used and every B.M.C. article is absolutely undentable and impervious to climate.

You will find, among B.M.C. Silverware, photo frames, calendars, brushes, mirrors and many other articles of extreme elegance. Ask to see this Silverware of new beauty and endurance at any good silversmith's!

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Coast (a temporary Government post in charge of official transport, I understand), and went out to take it up in the same spirit as if he intended to reside there for life. He actually stayed five years in what is known as the "white man's grave," and I am sorry to have to record that since his return his health has been none too good.

***

In the course of his official duties he penetrated miles up country, one of his most adventurous journeys being a trip right to Navoro in the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast. Here the temperature is 120 deg. in the shade, but the puzzle is to find the shade, since Navoro is practically in the Sahara. Hereabouts he was within a few miles of Timbuktu, where cassowaries thrive on missionaries, "hat, and coat, and hymn-book, too." His adventures would fill a volume. He secured a number of photographs, of which we are reproducing two herewith. As to conditions for motoring, his report was drawn up and presented to the company in due course. It is, of course, secret; but I will venture to say that he found little that was unsuitable in the present range of Riley cars.

***

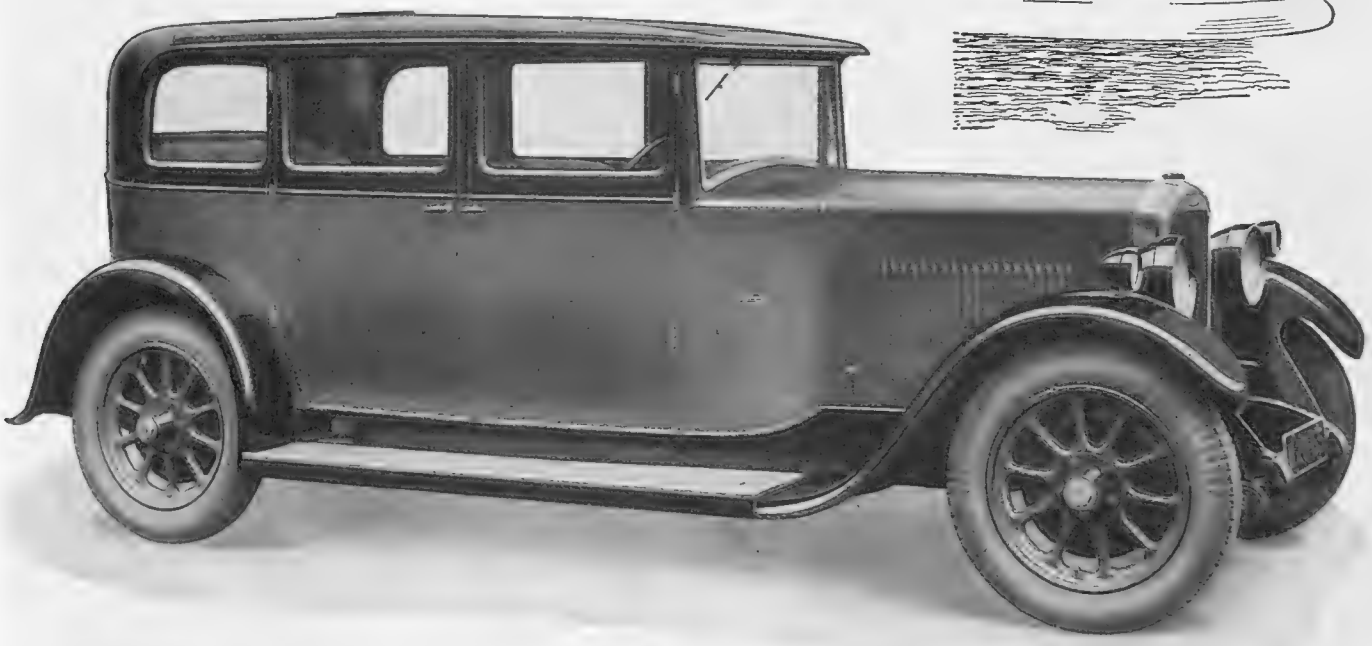
Just lately there has been a veritable spate of sports coupés. I have referred recently to the new models of the type on the Wolseley 16-45 h.p. and the Singer Junior chassis, and now I have received news of an attractive car example on the well-known 15.7 h.p. six-cylinder Crossley. The colour scheme is black with red mouldings and wheels, and the price is £525. Another new body of a similar type is the Morris Six "Club" coupé, illustrated in this article. The coachwork of this is built on the Gordon England system. E. M. W.

Mr. K. N. Vaughan, of the Gold Coast Surveys (right), and Mr. D. Sawyers-Gowing snapped by Capt. W. T. Cecil Riley a few miles south of Timbuktu, in the French Sudan. Mr. Sawyers-Gowing may be shy, but we rather think that it is interest in the paper he is reading that makes him refuse to meet the photographer

Stuck in the sand on the very drive of one's house is a frequent occurrence in Gold Coast motoring. As is seen in this photograph the Gold Coast sand does not quite compare with Daytona Beach

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATISM

A seeming paradox that becomes a fact after your first ride in the latest 20/65 h.p. Humber Six. Here is a car, backed by the most wonderful reputation in motoring history, yet up-to-date in the last detail of refinement. A Car delightfully comfortable—for its springing is superb, and its coachwork super-excellent. Charming and dignified in its lines, enormous in its reserve power, this wonderful 20/65 h.p. Humber Six is a Car that every owner-driver should know more about.



THE 20/65 H.P.

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5-seater Saloon - - -	£845
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West End Showrooms : 94, *New Bond Street, W.1.*

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FILM FANCIES

"PICCADILLY"—BUT LITTLE PLEASURE

By AUBERON

Gilda Gray and Jameson Thomas in a love scene in the British film "Piccadilly." It is being shown at the Carlton Theatre

"PICCADILLY," the long and eagerly awaited picture that was to make a stir in the British film industry, has been released at last, but it is a disappointment.

THE story never gripped me once, and was much too long and drawn out. In fact, the only redeeming feature in an otherwise pointless production was the splendid acting of a very strong cast, who managed to make bricks without straw.

Gilda Gray, the originator of the "Shimmy," is starred, but her performance sinks into insignificance when compared with Anna May Wong's artistry.

THIS exquisite little lady seems quite at home before the camera, but her part of a scullery maid who rises to fame and fortune through her dancing, to be murdered by her jealous Chinese lover because of her infidelity, does not suit her as did her *rôle* of the faithful Malayan girl in "Show Life." However, she is always a joy to behold, especially when those wonderfully expressive hands of hers are given full play.

JAMESON THOMAS I liked immensely. He combines a pleasantly good-looking appearance with a charm of manner that wins one's heart immediately. In this film he portrays a character none too admirable, so more praise due to him for being, at any rate, attractive, and therefore able to enlist one's sympathies to a certain extent.

KING HO-CHANG, who temporarily abandoned his position as a Chinese restaurant manager to play the *rôle* of Jim, the dancer's broken-hearted lover, makes his *début* on the silver screen, and a very promising one at that. He acts with a skill and delicacy of feeling unusual in a beginner, and, whilst I am about it, I must not forget that accomplished actor Charles Laughton, whose tiny part is quite a cameo in itself.

WITH the help of these first-rate performances, and the amount of money at his disposal, one would have thought that Mr. E. A. Dupont could have done better with this production. Still, he was heavily handicapped by the mediocrity of the story, hardly worthy of so famous an author as Mr. Arnold Bennett.

IN contrast to this undoubtedly heavy affair, "Show People," the latest synchronised Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, positively scintillates. This is a bright, humorous satire on Hollywood and the stars that shine there. Pretty and vivacious Marion Davies is seen in the lead, supported by William Haines.

IT is a story of a film-struck girl who joins a studio as a comedienne, gets her chance as a serious artist, suffers from terrific swelled head in consequence, but finally "finds" herself by falling in love with her ever-faithful "comic" swain.

ONE is given quite an insight into filming and studio work, and several really famous stars such as Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, John Gilbert, Renée Adorée and Rod de la Roc are brought into it in some way or another.

ANOTHER interesting feature is the appearance of King Vidor, the producer of this film, being shown directing a skit on his own well-known success "Big Parade." Exhilarating and refreshing, with the star of "The Politic Flapper" absolutely in her element. I congratulate the Empire Theatre on their choice of a film which will appeal vastly to the majority of movie-goers.

Another scene from "Piccadilly" at the Carlton Theatre. The famous Chinese film star, Anna May Wong, is seen in a situation that is literally gripping

BY BEBERIDE

"IL EST ARGENTIN!"

The mantle of Crœsus has fallen upon the Argentine. The fair Parisienne is fully alive to the fact, according to Beberide, who satirises the effect of a young Argentine's arrival on the diners and staff of a smart restaurant

PLAYER'S

Plain or tipped with cork of pure natural growth

10 for 6D.
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50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8

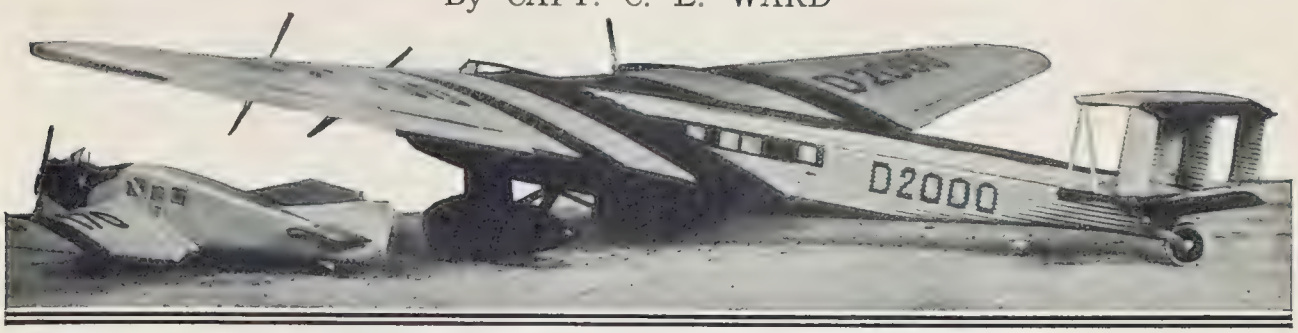
P. 1383

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

FLYING NOTES

All ABOARD For INDIA

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



The latest Junkers flying machine (Type "J.38") has a span of 45 metres and is propelled by four engines, passenger accommodation being provided in the wings. This new model is seen here compared with a small Scout

The India Air Route

On March 30th the first passengers by the British air route to India will leave Airways House in the early morning, travelling via Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and Irak, reaching Karachi seven days later, which is less than half the time taken at present. The passenger fare will be somewhere about £125, whilst mails will be carried at 6*d.* to 9*d.* per letter, varying with the destination. A reply to a letter will be received in England in the time taken for letters at present to go one way only, so that the saving for business purposes is enormous. Three different types of machines will be used over the route, varying according to climatic and geographical conditions; Argosies from London to Switzerland, "Calcutta" flying boats over the Mediterranean, and Hercules machines across the desert to Karachi, which becomes the aerial gateway to India.

Round the Clubs

Lady Bailey's famous machine will shortly find a new owner as she is buying a Gipsy coupé for her own use. As this is the season for dinners and dances, the London Club will hold a meeting at Princes on February 26, and the Midland Air Ball will take place in Birmingham at the Grand Hotel on February 25; applications for tickets should be made to the Clubs concerned. The Southern Aero Club has vacancies for a few additional members, and those wishing to fly Avros can do so without waiting, either during the week or at week-ends. Col. G. L. P. Henderson has returned to his old love—the Mono-Avro—for training purposes. It is thirteen years since he commenced teaching at Croydon, and it is interesting to note that he was responsible for the installation of the first Monosoupape engine in the days of the old Training Brigade during the War.

A New Aviation Company

At a meeting held at Rules in Maiden Lane, a gathering of forty pilots and others interested in air transport decided to form a company. This in itself is not a very original result of a meeting, but it so happened that the company in question was not one for trading or profiteering, it was the "Honourable Company of Air Pilots and Navigators of the British Empire," whose main purpose will be to improve the standard of the professional air pilot, and ensure by every possible means that a high level of ability is maintained. In like manner was history made, for in years to come, membership of the ancient order will carry with it the same status as that enjoyed by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House or the Worshipful Company of Master Mariners.

Taxi!

It is often supposed that there is not sufficient scope for internal air services in this country owing to the efficiency and speed of the railways. Londoners are heard to praise the speed of main line trains, forgetting that the poor fellow who lives in the provinces may not want to come to London, but to travel, for instance, from Plymouth to Cardiff, a distance of 162 miles by train, taking 5½ hours. This journey could be done by air from point to point quite easily in an hour. To get to Cornwall from Cardiff takes 8½ hours, whereas the direct distance of a little over 100 miles surely invites a trip by seaplane or flying boat. Examples such as these could be multiplied indefinitely, and National Flying Services should find their taxi 'planes very popular indeed.

Breaking a Vicious Circle

Local authorities and landowners will not advertise landing grounds because they see practically no aeroplanes to land on them. Hundreds of people want to fly, but won't learn until they can get about the country to visit their friends or escape from their enemies with safety. Once again the Air Ministry proposes to hold the baby until civil aviation can fly by itself, for in a White Paper issued a few days ago and signed by Sir Samuel Hoare, it is stated that the new national company will be subsidised for ten years on condition that it organises 100 aerodromes within three years and trains a minimum number of new pilots.

The "Tiger Moth," which in its latest form has a speed of 200 miles per hour. It is the private owners' single-seater racing type

At Stag Lane

During the month of January sixty Gipsy Moths were hatched from the chrysalis stage, tested and prepared for their journey to new homes in all parts of England and overseas. This means that more than two per working day were born to spread their wings for the first time in the misty air of England. Many of them are destined to bear patiently a burden of pilot and pupil round the same old aerodrome year after year.

C. E. W.

Miss Lilian Davies

replies to this open letter

"If you are going to keep your complexion in good condition you must protect it. I carry Pond's Vanishing Cream about with me and just apply a touch of it whenever I can."

"With the aid of *Pond's Cold Cream* this seems quite sufficient to keep the skin thoroughly healthy, and a healthy skin is, in my opinion, always a lovely skin.

"I absolutely depend on a good cold cream. I think there is nothing like cold cream for refreshing the skin. You seem to be able to wipe out the whole of the effect of a day's hard work and exposure by a thorough cleansing with *Pond's Cold Cream*. It is a very delicate, pleasant cream to use, and it brings to the surface every vestige of dust, dirt and powder which simply must get deep into every woman's skin."

Referring to Pond's two new preparations, Miss Lilian Davies says:—

"I have recently made a change in my toilet. Every time I wash my hands, after drying them, I apply *Pond's* new *Skin Freshener*. It makes the hands feel delightfully cool and silky—and I think it keeps them delicate in appearance. I must add that *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* for removing the cold cream have considerably increased the pleasure I get in using their two wonderful creams."

Lilian Davies

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FASHION'S FANCIES

AN IMPORTANT EVENING FROCK

Specially Sketched by HELEN McKIE

A Lanvin frock in black faille. The corsage is outlined with shaded steel beads and diamanté, and an embroidered bow adorns the left side of the skirt. The front is its most important aspect, for the wrap-over skirt with its white lining is full of interest. At Harvey Nichols.

ALTHOUGH Mr. C. B. Cochran declares that the "plump" woman is to be seen again across the footlights, women in general are as anxious as ever to remain slim. The Spring dresses are created to flatter the slender figure. Note the graceful lines of the chef-d'œuvre *portrayed. The dipping skirt is important, and so is the V-shaped decolletage, finished with a flat bow. Bows and amusing little tabs or ends are introduced on many frocks in unexpected places, and, of course, in the evening sleeves continue to be anathema in the eyes of the leaders of fashion, although during the day a great deal of attention is focused upon them.*

AMONG the fashionable materials are georgette, chiffon, printed or plain, and many others of a semi-diaphanous character. Quaint little boleros are added to some of the frocks, and they come just below the normal waistline. Scarves of a fairy-like texture have their parts to play in the evening toilette, the ends being passed through a golden ring studded with mock gems of varied hues.

The inset strappings on this long coat of supple leather have a very slenderising effect, while the short coat boasts novel ring fastenings which are most attractive. From Woollands

Bows make their Bow

WITH February half over one feels that the worst of the winter is past, and that one can begin to make definite plans for the spring. The very thought is exhilarating, and a new zest is added to life as one's mind dwells on a world newly re-awakened to colour, and clothes that are festive and light. Bows are being used lavishly on coats, suits, and dresses, and often appear in unexpected places. For instance, a neat wrap had a small bow on each hip, and the collar was fastened by a bow of fur. On sports suits tie-collars are fashionable, and loosely knotted strips of silk take the place of cuffs. For afternoon dresses satin *beauté* is regarded with favour, and on these *appliqué* bows throw into relief the charm of the contrasting sides of this fabric.

Novel Trimmings and Old Favourites

STRIPS of gold or coloured kid, edged with perforated sequins, provide an effective mode of decoration for well-tailored *ensembles*, especially if they be in the new stone colour, or a soft beige or grey. Bright-hued buttons are also used with excellent results. Metal studs form conventional designs on stockinette, and gold clips, similar to those which are seen on the corners of purses, finish the ends of ties and belts. Hemstitching adorns dresses of silk or wool, and cross-stitch is used to embroider *motifs* of delicate flowers which keep in place the pleats on frocks of washing silk.

A Frock of Gipsy Inspiration

TYPICAL of the gay little suits which are destined for Riviera wear is the sketch at the foot of this page. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and is carried out in printed *crêpe de Chine* in shades of red, green, and yellow. The jumper and the coat are of a very fine loosely woven lemon-coloured stockinette, the border of the kerchief, the belt, and the panels which are created by the clever pleating of the skirt being plain red. With such toilettes as this will be worn massive gold necklets interspersed with beads and pearls, or necklaces made of flat and beautifully carved links.

When March Winds do Blow

ROUGH weather cannot daunt the sports-women of to-day, and, rain or fine, out they go to their golf, or for long journeys in their open cars. On such occasions they have no more trusty friend than a good leather coat. Those at the head of this page come from Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, and the long one is made of specially selected fully chromed skins, supple as satin. Cut on slender lines, it is lined with a soft woollen fabric, and has a very generous wrap. It costs 15 guineas, and may be obtained in shades of brown, black, navy, or green. The short coat is priced at 9½ guineas, and is made of equally excellent leather. It has a collar which may be fastened closely round the throat, done up to the base of the neck, or left open. A novel feature is the attractive ring fastenings on the belt and the cuff straps.

Guard Your Complexion

IT is this active outdoor life which is at once the cause of the exquisite colouring for which Englishwomen are famous and the blemishes which so often mar their complexions. If insufficient care is taken, then gradually harshness ruins the delicate texture of the skin. Spanish women have ever been admired on account of the smooth beauty of their skin and the eloquence of their expressive and lovely hands. Gal soap, made from the finest pure olive oil, and scented with the fragrance of mountain flowers, has long been used by the ladies of that land of romance, and now this faithful guardian of their charm comes to us at a cost of 1*s.* per tablet, or 2*s.* 9*d.* for a box of three.

The Riviera sun shines down on just such little suits as this, which later will be seen in England. Made of gay-hued printed crêpe de Chine and lemon-coloured jersey, it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

Sketches by Beta

We insist on your being satisfied!

If in the rush and excitement of Xmas a gift from Ciro's was offered you, and you think that you would like to change it, for no matter what reason, please do not hesitate. Perhaps you would like a longer or shorter necklet, or one with larger or smaller pearls, or a sapphire in your ring instead of an emerald. No matter what the exchange may be, call at any of our branches or write to us.

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Within the past few months over 1,000 dentists and doctors have voluntarily testified to the excellence of Odol.

"Just a few drops of Odol in your tooth-water morning and night, and you'll know what good-health is"

SO says the dentist to his patient. He knows that bacteria of every description are drawn into the mouth and if not destroyed by some efficacious bactericide, multiply by millions and produce poisonous matter which pervades the blood, and destroys the teeth and general health.

Therefore he advises Odol, which, being a liquid dentifrice, penetrates in a unique manner the minutest cracks and crevices in and between the teeth, exercising its remarkable antiseptic and bactericidal properties upon both the mouth and the teeth for hours after use. In his opinion, liquid Odol used in conjunction with Odol Tooth Paste is his patient's surest safeguard against ill-health, occasioned by defective teeth and gums.

You will also like ODOL TOOTH PASTE 1/- per large tube. Whitens the teeth in six days without damaging the enamel.

Proved the best for Mouth & Teeth

Large Flask 3/6 :: Medium Flask 2/6 :: Trial Flask 6d.

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Aldwych D.S. 1/29

THE GOURMET : : *Conducted by EMILIA*

Caviare Eggs

BOIL some eggs hard, cut them in halves, slice a small piece from either end so that they may stand; take out the yolks, put them in a basin with a piece of butter and some caviare (for four eggs a tablespoonful of caviare), beat them well together, adding a pinch of cayenne and some drops of lemon juice. Fill the eggs with this, piling the mixture high in them, and dish them up on small round sippets of fried brown bread.

Clear Oxtail Soup

MAKE a good oxtail stock, add a very little tapioca, and flavour with sherry.

Scalloped Scallops

WASH the scallops well in several waters, trim away the beards, preserving the white, black and orange parts. Mince the scallops finely and mix with them a very little finely chopped parsley, a little pepper, salt and a pinch of cayenne and mace. Make a white sauce, add a little lemon juice, then put in the minced scallops and cook for a few minutes. Pour into the shells, add a few drops of chili or tarragon vinegar, strew breadcrumbs over and some dabs of butter on top. Place under the grill to colour slightly and serve very hot.

A Seasonable Dinner

HORS-D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
CAVIARE EGGS.
SMOKED SALMON.
POTATO SALAD.

CLEAR OXTAIL SOUP.

SCALLOPED SCALLOPS.

JUGGED HARE
WITH
ORANGE SALAD.

GATEAU WITH FRUIT.

DEVILLED CHICKEN LIVERS.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Jugged Hare

FRY the hare (cut up small) in dripping with an onion stuck with cloves. Put all into a casserole with plenty of gravy made from bones, a bay leaf, herbs in a bag, salt and pepper. Cover the casserole and cook in the oven nearly three hours. Thicken the gravy and when dishing up add forcemeat balls made as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two of chopped suet, one of parsley, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, salt, pepper and one egg. Mix well, shape into small balls, and fry in a little butter till golden brown. Serve red currant jelly with the hare, and add a little port wine to the gravy.

Orange Salad

REMOVE all skin and pith, cut the oranges into their natural divisions, and season with salad oil, brandy, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar, chopped tarragon and chervil.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES

NEW SEASON'S NOW READY
Reduced Prices

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

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BURGESS'
"M.M." PICKLE
Makes good digestion wait on appetite.

ROWLAND'S
is an absolute necessity for the HAIR
MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes.
Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

Fight Sore Throat
with Formamint

By taking a Formamint tablet every hour you keep your throat disinfected all day long. That's why Formamint is so much better than casual gargling.

Formamint destroys the germs in mouth and throat — thus curing Sore Throat.

Give Formamint to the children, too—that's the sure way to protect them against infection.

FORMAMINT
Wulfing Brand
Of all Chemists—2/6 per bottle.

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Any item may be selected for delivery at once to any part by motor lorries, shipped, or can remain warehoused free for 12 months. Payment when delivery required. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE (FREE).

DINING ROOM, RECEPTION ROOM AND LIBRARY FURNITURE, &c., including shaped front CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD, 16 guineas. COMPLETE SET of DINING CHAIRS, including Carving Chairs, Chippendale style, 18 guineas. Extending Dining Table en suite, £7 15s. Complete Reception Room Sets with Antique style Oak Dressers, offered at the extremely low figure of 10 guineas complete.

A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of six small and two carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot. Other complete dining room sets up to 750 guineas.

DRAWING ROOM APPOINTMENTS include a very choice collection, Satinwood, Vernis Martin painted, Boule inlaid, &c. Magnificent 3-PIECE SUITE, comprising LOUNGE SETTEE and 2 LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS to match, with loose down cushion seats, and covered with rich silk, 22 guineas.

SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 37s. 6d. each. Small size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, with loose feather cushion seats, 65s. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, from £4 17s. 6d. to 12 guineas. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, £3 15s. to 25 guineas.

COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES in all styles.

Magnificent sets of rich Satinwood and Silver Ash, Black and Gold Lacquer of Chinese taste. French Louis XV lacquered and gilt, from 10 guineas up to 500 guineas.

ANTIQUE DOUBLE TALLBOY and LOW CHESTS, FINE ANTIQUE WARDROBES, Bow-front and other chests, ranging from 5 guineas.

ANTIQUE FOUR-POST CANOPY TOP BEDS in Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Georgian, and other styles.

PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, Blüthner, Bechstein, &c., a fine tone Cottage Pianoforte being offered at 15 guineas, and a superb nearly new Baby Grand at 95 guineas.

CARPETS, TURKEY, PERSIAN, INDIAN, &c. Fine Aubusson Tapestries, Cut Glass, Silver and Plate. QUANTITY OF TABLE and BED LINEN, &c.

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Rheumatism
Like a Knife

"I had a pain just like a knife ripping all down to my shoulder blade. The doctor told me it was rheumatism, and that I had been sitting in a draught. He told me to take Kruschen Salts—half a teaspoonful in my tea every morning. I took one bottle, but this did not seem to do me much good, so I took another bottle and I got a lot of relief from that. Then the rheumatism went suddenly, and I have not had any rheumatism since. I am now taking the daily dose of Kruschen every morning in the first cup of tea."

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"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It!"

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

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2 WAIT A FEW MINUTES —
3 RINSE IT OFF —
4 *AND THE HAIR IS GONE!*

Removes Hair Like Magic

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1/6 and 3/- Everywhere

Beware of Imitations

Wave and Curl
Hindes
Hair Wavers
Shingled Hair

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Egypt for a Holiday

The 1929 Annual of the Tourist Development Association of Egypt is a most attractive production and is full of the lure of the East, containing many photographs, maps and decorations. Egypt as a holiday resort increases in popularity year by year, and every facility and comfort are offered to the tourist and holidaymaker. Particularly interesting articles in this annual are "Antiquities of the Nile Valley," "Egypt as a Summer Resort," "Sport with the Gun," and "The Lure of the Vast Sudan," while there is an interesting feature by R. A. Bartholomew, the editor of "Egypt and the Sudan," dealing with King Fuad the First, in which he points out that Egypt is to be congratulated on possessing a monarch who is so keenly alive to the welfare of his country and his people.

An interesting picture of the French liner Paris covered with a mantle of snow during her record voyage from New York to Plymouth

The Wasps Rugby Club is one of the pioneers of the handling game The picture shows this season's fifteen. Standing: J. Y. Broughton (left), C. H Short, W. P. Garbutt, N. Compton, P. S. Morris, D. V. Adams, C. H. Benmore, D. C. Meadows. Sitting: M. F. Bailey, R. H. Curner, E. C. R. Hopkins, R. M. Swyer, O. S. Ruane, F. G. Moorsom, and J. W. Burton

Swiss Sports

"Winter in Switzerland" is an attractive little brochure published by the Swiss National Tourist Office, Zurich and Lausanne. It gives detailed information regarding the winter sports resorts and is well illustrated with photographs. There is an interesting foreword entitled "The Alpine Winter," which dates winter sport from 1865, the year in which the Matterhorn was conquered, and, among other things, gives an account of how, when skis were introduced into Switzerland in the 'eighties, it was thought they would only have a temporary boom.

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How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE.

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This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the 'FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 67), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

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You can easily prove this, when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

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Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

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Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

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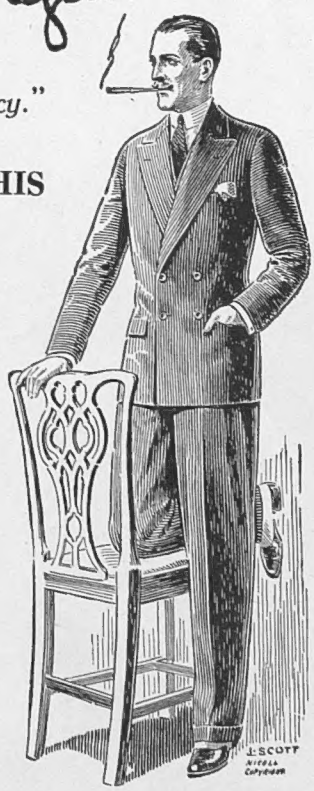

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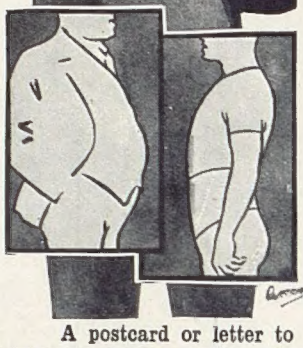

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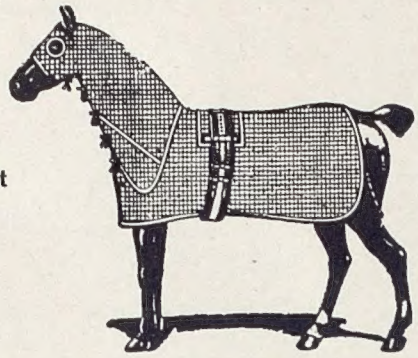

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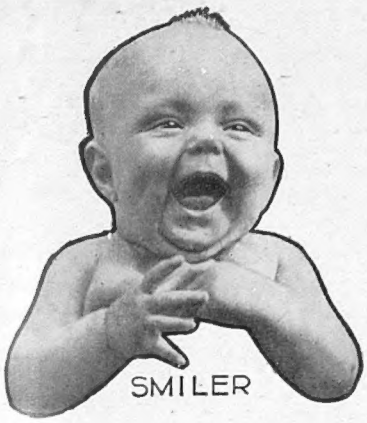

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